National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press, North.

We make below some extracts of the Southern Press of the Northern States whose particular aim, at this moment, is the defeat of the Wilmot Proviso by representations of its uselessness, and ridicule of its object.

THE WILMOT PROVISO—THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH—THE ADMINISTRATION.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And this is of them."

We have read of the great South Sea bubble—we have a tradition of the Yazoo bubble—we recollect the bubble of the morus multicaulis, and the bubble of the day of judgment invoked by the Millerites; but the enormity of the first, the impudence of the second, the flimsiness of the third, and the absurdity of the fourth, are all surpassed in the enormious absurdity of the bubble of the Wilmot proviso.

North and South it is the great hobby and humbug of the day—the scare-crow, the raw-head-and-bloody-bones, set up to frighten the women and children, by Governor Seward and Father Ritchie, Mr. Hale, and Mr. Calhoun. The bomb-shell of Colonel Benton appears to have revived the effervescence of the ominous, this awful, and most ridiculous agitation. The panic of the cholera is almost forgotten in the factious and factitious bitterness and alarm excited on both sides of Mason and Dixon, in the county of Accomac, in the city of Charleston, and in the State of Missouri, by this prodigious proviso.

The North are resolved that Slavery shall not be permitted in a territory where it never can be introduced. The South are determined to revolt, if unconstitutionally excluded. The fact of their exclusion is nothing; the act is everything. They never expect to occupy the territory; but they protest against a writ of ejectment by Congress. A threat of nullification is suspended over such an act. The proviso advocates of the North declare that the act shall be passed. And between these two three-legged stools, it is fear that the Union will fall to the ground; and that then a general war is to follow between the Huguenots and the Roundheads, between the Cavaliers and the Puritans, between the Sandhillers of Carolina and the killers of Philadelphia, unparalleled in its ferocity, except in the struggle of the Kilkenny cats; a war in which everything is to be destroyed that lives, and everything burnt that is combustible. These apprehensions are fairly embodied in the warnings from Accomac, the Dismal Swamp, and the Great Pedee; and they are chuckled ever with fanatical delight by Abby Kelly and a few crazy old crones of Massachusetts, who, had they existed when Salem was in its meridian of ghostly illumination, would have been burnt at the stake as conspirators with Beelzebub for the destruction of the saints.

Gen. Foote, of Mississippi, in his seven column Bentoniad, in reply to the Missouri Calhouniad, announces the awful news that there is a black cloud overspreading the whole firmament—that it grows blacker, and blacker, and that the inevitable tornado of dissolution must follow with swift destruction the doings of the next Congress on the proviso, unless arrested by the President.

Now, we have no doubt that Gen. Foote believes what he says, and sees what he describes. He fears that the next Congress will pass the proviso for California; he has some misgivings that Gen. Taylor will approve it, and that, in consequence, the Union will be dissolved, and that we shall have a separate and independent establishment set up North and South, as a prelude to an exterminating war between the two sections.

The thing is absurd. This fear of disunion is as extravagant and discoloured as the hallucinations of a sick man's dream. We have reason to believe that this Slavery question will be accommodated in a manner so quiet and so satisfactory, as to lead men to wonder how a thing so simple could have created such a panic. We suspect that, like the potato-rot, the proviso has nearly run itself out, and that, like the second advent, and the disasters that were to follow it, this humbug, of its own weight, will tumble to pieces.—*Herald.*

The Coalition.—The Free Soil Delegates are in grave consultation to-day, upon the propriety of uniting their "balance of power" forces with the Cass Democracy. Both sections—the abolitionists and the slavery extensionists—claim to be the true expounders of Democracy. Since the late Presidential election there has been a steady and persevering effort on the part of our opponents in New York, Connecticut, Wisconsin, and other States to harmonize the discordant elements which became estranged under the banners of Van Buren and Cass, and to bring into one fold the partizans for prohibiting slavery, and those for its extension over free territory.

Movements have been on foot in this State, with the editor of the *Iowa Statesmen* in the lead, to perfect this union, and to form a coalition upon the only common principle known to locofocoism—that of securing the spoils. Already have the two segments united in Henry county in calling a mass meeting, jointly to nominate county officers.

That an effort will be made at the coming locofoco convention, to form this union, we unhesitatingly believe. Of its success we have not the shadow of a doubt, notwithstanding the violent opposition it will meet in certain quarters.—In view of this fact we purpose to examine a little into the leading characteristics of the "United Democracy."

In Wisconsin, we find in a leading locofoco print, the *Daily Wisconsin*, the following new discovery:

"It has long been perceived that the differences were a mere matter of organization. That tenacity has fortunately yielded, and now the Democrats who supported Cass and Van Buren will work together, and thus secure in Wisconsin a Democratic party alike impregnable to the efforts and seductions of the Taylor administration.

"It is pertinently suggested that the example of the Democratic majority of this glorious State will be found worthy of emulation in other States.

This paper warmly advocated the election of Gen. Cass to the Presidency upon the Baltimore, or, more properly the Nicholson platform. But since the people have placed their seal of condemnation upon the master spirit and standard bearer of the northern slaveocrats, it is very convenient to discover that their "differences were a mere matter of organization," and it immediately bows down to a new idol.

But to proceed with this purely democratic view of the subject: we find the following resolution from a prominent Free Soiler, offered at a meeting of abolitionists in New York:

"*Resolved*, That the motto of every Christian and every Patriot should be—'No union with slaveholders, either religiously or politically.'"

A Free Soil big gun, commenting upon this resolution, held the following revolting language:

"*We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise.* Shall I tell you why?—You can never make a revolution in this matter until you make the common sense and the consciences of the people superior to their statute book; until you arraign against the despotism of the majority the conscientious convictions of the mass of the minority, whatever it be."

This is the spirit of disunion avowed and advocated by the faction of the North, who have recently united with the Old Hunkers in Wisconsin.

How is it with the Southern wing of t is self same Democracy? A leading journal of the party in South Caro ina, and the acknowledged organ of Mr. Calhoun in that State, discourses thus upon the disunion project?"

"A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us, politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally. We cannot remain so intimately connected with any people, without partaking of their vices; or, in other words, "we cannot touch filth without being defiled." In the event of secession, the South profiting by the experience of the past, with a common interest binding them together with hooks of steel, with free trade with all the world, and her peculiar institutions undisturbed, may unite in a Southern Confederacy without convulsion, and pursue her manifest destiny, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiration if not the envy of the world."

This is but a tithe of the testimony before us, of a studied design on the part of the party defeated at the last Presidential election, through appeals to the worst passions and prejudices of each particular section, to rally their discomfited forces and to unite all the antagonistic elements under the broad banner of "Democracy!" Free Soilers, Abolitionists, Pro-slavery men, Disunionists, and all the other nondescript factions are to be blended together in one fraternal bond of brotherhood. Everything that may promise success in accomplishing the object at which each and all of them are aiming—the power and patronage of the Government—is to be brought into requisition and zealously urged during the next four years conflict.

The great Conservative Whig party, under such circumstances and in the face of such developments, should come up together in one unbroken phalanx and stand by the Union. It should consolidate its power and influence—discard all personal considerations—and cordially unite upon the administration of Gen. Taylor. Let not the unwary be led into any of the locofoco gull traps already being set. All that is necessary to ensure the speedy overthrow of this infamous coalition between the abolitionists and the slavery propagandists, is for the whigs of the country to arouse up to a full sense of the responsibility of their position, and stand by their patriotic Chief Magistrate, whose whole aim and desire is the permanent prosperity and perpetuity of our glorious Union.—*Iowa City Republican.*

BENTON'S RECREANCY

Major Noah of the *Sunday Times* (says a Virginia paper) in the following remarks, shows his good sense, and his love of truth and justice. We can but express the pleasure we experience at being able to copy his excellent article.

"One half of this formidable missive is devoted to the inconsistency of Mr. Calhoun, who approved the Missouri Compromise, which excluded Slavery from a vast portion of the West, and to show that he is a Disunionist, and was himself originally the founder, the approver, and the justifier of the Missouri Compromise. All the Whig papers, in exstacy of delight, rub their hands together, and declare that Colonel Benton has made out a strong case against Mr. Calhoun. We cannot see it. Slavery has always been a political question. It originated with Rufus King to cripple the representative power of the South, and this always has been the extent of its humanity. The Missouri Compromise was not to exclude Slavery in that State; the opposition was directed against a clause in the new constitution which prevented free negroes and mulattoes from settling in that State under any pretence whatever. It was contended, and with reason, that this exclusion violated the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. Missouri insisted upon her right as a State to adopt this provision. When the bill again came up for consideration. Federalists threw the firebrand into Congress, by insisting upon engrafting the following section or rider to the bill:

'Sec. 8. That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, Slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and hereby is, forever prohibited.'

"This excluded Slavery from a tract of country larger than all California, New Mexico, and Oregon united. The storm, however, was up. The people thought it right and proper to stand upon it, or Missouri should not be a State. The Federalists had got the weatherspage of the South. What was to be done? Congress had no more right to insert this section in the law than to have introduced a bull of the Pope into an act of that body. Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, was forced to submit to this assumption of power. He feared that Missouri, if not then admitted, would exercise the rights of a sovereign State, and gather a cluster of independent States, disconnected with the Federal Government, which would reach the Pacific Ocean. To preserve the Union, Mr. Calhoun consented to this Compromise. This is the width, breadth, and depth of Mr. Calhoun's inconsistency. But did the submission to a wrong under these circumstances justify the infliction to another wrong? Because Congress said they had a right to prohibit by law Slavery in territories, did it make it so?

"The South has no belief that Slavery will ever be introduced into California and New Mexico, but they are firmly united against the right of Congress to prohibit it in the territories. They have no desire to go into those territories with slaves; but as members of this Republic they will not permit Congress to assume a right which the Constitution does not confer. If this was not a political question, all would admit that the position taken by the South is just and proper. What is precedent to-day becomes doctrine to-morrow. If Congress has a right to say to the South, 'You shall not take your property into new territories,' that body may say, 'You shall not hold that property in your own States.' The South must by union preserve the Union, and protect their own rights.

"Colonel Benton will make no capital from this attack on Mr. Calhoun, or in the declaration that Congress possesses a power because she exercised it some thirty years ago. It is said that Mr. Benton hopes by this movement to make himself the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. If he has found such favour in the eyes of his old political enemies, suppose they try him for a single term! he has no such views. Mr. Van Buren, a much more popular man, with more tact and address, tried this one principle with singular bad fortune. Mr. Benton will never try it. The whole is a quarrel with the Legislature of his own State for an attempt to compel him by instruction to carry out Mr. Calhoun's views on Slavery instead of his own. He makes fight with the Legislature of Missouri, with what success we shall know hereafter. The Whigs of his State will go with him, and he may succeed in sustaining his views. He considers the qestion of the free soil settled, and so do we, from the action which the people of California themselves, in forming a State Government, may take. He wishes to hear no more discussion in Congress on the subject; but as the question has always been political, and not one of right and humanity, he is in error if he supposes that the question will sleep, or that the slave States will calmly look on and submit to assumption of power unknown to the Constitution,"

To the Editor of the Inquirer—

Sir:—In the "*Farmer and Advertiser*" of the 19th instant, there appears a communication over the signature of S. S. Foster, in relation to his reception and that of the notorious Abby Kelley, whom he now acknowledges as the *talented* Mrs. Foster, at their last meeting at Heampstead to outrage public decency, and vilify and abuse the high officers of the Government, the clergy of all denominations, and every person of distinction and respectability.

It is well known to you and to every other person present on the first night of their appearance, those common libellers and slanderers commenced their arguments against Slavery by declaring that General Taylor and the late President of the United States, were liars, thieves, and *pirates*, and defied a successful contradiction of these vile charges.

This Mr. Foster after exhausting himself in his abuse of everybody and everything, introduces to the people in attendance, his "companion in arms "Abby Kelley," who mounts the rostrum and in language obscene and disgusting, pretended to portray the condition of the slave, particularly the good-looking females, whose chastity she represented had been invaded by the rascally slaveholder. She had much to say of her right to espouse the cause of her brothers and sisters, giving them the appellations of American Fathers, American Mothers and Sisters—using very often the term "sister—her sister" towards every wench in the Union. The President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Clergy, all religious institutions, and religious denominations, all persons voting at any election for a candidate for office, which office required the taking of the oath to support the Constitution of the United States were vilified in unmeasured terms, by these itinerant vagabonds.

All this was borne with patience by the citizens of Hempstead for two nights, and on the third and last night of their appearance, they would probably have been permitted to go on with their abuse before some twenty boys, and as many more women, had they not taken upon the rostrum Hewlitt's old darkey, Miller Wood, and placed him cheek by jowl, with Abby, and S. S. Foster.

This exhibition so amused and disgusted the boys present, that the cry of "a nigger in the pit," was raised, and other expressions of disapprobation sufficient to induce Abby and Mr. Foster to bring their powerful arguments to a close, shake hands with their venerable brother Miller, beat down the barkeeper in his bill, and mizzle for "Rocky Hill" from which place they have poured forth their complaints into the listening ear of the editor of the "*Farmer*," and as appears enlisted him in the crusade of the "down-trodden slave."

It is much to the credit of the citizens of Hempstead that they would not be induced to enter into any arguments with either of those notorious characters, but gave them as wide a berth as they would have given a certain sneaking four-legged animal somewhat notorious on this island for its very peculiar odor.

This Abby, now "Abby Foster," is the very notorious and abusive "*Abby Kelley*," that was the self same female that has been so often expelled from religious and political meetings in Boston and other portions of New England.

Had Fanny Wright, Ann Royal, or Mrs. Gove appeared in Hempstead, to advocate their peculiar doctrines, they would not have been molested, because they are never abusive in their language, and however objectionable may be their doctrines—they slander nobody, much less the President of the United States and all others in authority.

The Editor of the *Farmer* cannot have a very correct idea of the doctrine of "Freedom of Speech," if he supposes it may be carried as far as to justify any person in calling together the citizens of a village, and in their presence declaring that the President of the United States and his cabinet, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives to be liars, thieves, and pirates. That kind of "freedom of speech" never yet has been tolerated in this country, and I trust never will be, tolerated while the American character is worth preserving, and while there lives an American citizen who loves the Constitution, and sets any value upon the institutions of his native land. An Observer.

Selections.

SENATORS BENTON AND ATCHISON ON THE DISUNIONISTS.

Senator Benton still keeps up the agitation in Missouri, and is holding meetings, and rallying the people around him in various parts of the State. Some of the most influential of the newspapers have come to his aid, and a portion of the members of Congress have avowed their adhesion to his principles. His last speech was at New Franklin, Howard County, and the editor of the *Boonville Democrat*, who heard it, shows how Mr. Benton talked of Disunion:

Another of the new points made by Mr. B., and which rivited attention, was the conjunction of extremes—the meeting of opposites—the embrace of the antipodes—in the union of the northern and the southern fanatics upon the common ground of disunion. There the two extremes met, and this he shewed in his speech of two years ago; but he had just seen such a beautiful illustration of it in a Baltimore paper (the American) supported by such apt quotations from the recent conduct of each extreme, that he must adopt it as part of his speech, and present it to his hearers. He then read from the Baltimore American the following editorial remarks:

The two factions politically speaking, which are the most remote from one another and most bitterly repugnant one to another, unite in a strange sort of coalescence upon one point—the dissolution of the Union. The Nullifiers of the South and the Abolitionists of the North, agreeing in nothing else, mutually hostile in everything else, are clamoring together in most discordant unison for secession—separation—the overthrow of the Constitution—the dismemberment of the Republic. Worthy allies, fit coadjutors in such a cause.

The editor, after these remarks, Mr. B. said, had given a sample, first from the southern wing of these allies, of their hatred to the Union, and open desire to dissolve it. It was an editorial from a leading South Carolina paper, the Telegraph, published at Columbia, the seat of Government of the State; and was in these words:

A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us politically and pecuniarly, and corrupt us morally. We cannot remain so intimately connected with any people, without partaking of their vices; or in other words, "we cannot touch filth without being defiled." In the event of secession, the South, profiting by the experience of the past, with a common interest binding them together with hooks of steel, with free trade with all the world, and her peculiar institutions undisturbed, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiration, if not the envy of the world.

He then gave a sample from the northern wing of these combined fanatics. It was taken from the proceedings of an Abolition convention lately held in the city of New York; and amongst which the following resolves were found:

Resolved, That that which in giving strength, extension, and perpetuity to Slavery—to wit, the UNION—on being overthrown by a peaceful withdrawal from it by the non-slaveholding States, for conscience sake and self-preservation, must necessarily weaken, limit, and speedily extirpate Slavery from the American Soil.—Therefore,

Resolved, That the motto of every Christian and of every patriot should be—"No Union with slaveholders, either religiously or politically."

Resolved, That this is not a question of expediency, on which action may be innocently deferred "till a more convenient season," but one of absolute morality—of obedience to God and fidelity to mankind—to be met and carried out to the letter without delay.

Mr. B. then gave the reflections of the *Baltimore American* upon the conduct of these two harmonious wings of fanaticism, and adopted them for his own. They were in these words:

Thus the two wings nullifiers and Abolitionists, moving away from one another on the circumference of a circle, have met on the other side. Upon the platform of disunion they can act in concert. In the elements of national chaos and anarchy they are able to find the materials of harmony with each other; and if the torch should be applied to the majestic temple of our Liberty and Union, the light of the conflagration would show to each his own smile of joy reflected in the face of the other.

Mr. B. said he had been quoting from a Whig editor; but Whigs were people, and paid taxes and fought for their country, and had turned out to a man to support Jackson in the first nullification war, and he believed were about uuanimous now, in this second war of nullification; and if Missouri has to join South Carolina, Virginia and Florida in fighting the north, according to the pledge of the last General Assembly, the whigs would have to be *drafted*, like other people, for the civil war. He said *drafted*: for he did not believe there would be any *volunteers* for that service from Missouri, except the nullifers; and they, by the time they began to buckle on their knapsacks, and get ready for the *overt act*, might begin to be of opinion that this thing of making war upon the United States was not the thing it was cracked up to be,

For himself, Mr. B. said he was equally opposed to Northern and Southern fanaticism—equally opposed to disunion, whether it came from nullifiers or Abolitionists—but justice required him to say that, in this design upon the Union, the Abolitionists were the least dangerous of the two. *They had not a single State adopting disunion resolutions!* whereas the nullifiers had four; to wit: South Carolina, Virginia, Florida and Missouri.

Mr. B. deprecated the introduction of the Slavery question into the debates of Congress. He considered the nullifiers, and the Abolitionists, equally culpable for the introduction of this pestiferous subject into the halls of national legislation. He considered it the bane of all legislation, and leading to disgraceful scenes on the floor of Congress—black guarding—fighting—and disgracing republican government. He said it was brought into every measure, and mixed itself with every debate, and poisoned every bill, and prevented the most necessary laws from passing. He compared it to the frogs of Egypt—those polluting and pestilential frogs—which the Almighty in his wrath had sent to afflict the land which were found in the kneading troughs, on the dinner-table, in the bridal bed—poisoning with their filth the enjoyments of life in its every fountain. In like manner, he said, this pestilential subject of Slavery invaded the halls of Congress, and infested, polluted, and poisoned all the business of legislation. The nullifiers on one hand, and their allies, the Abolitionists on the other, brought it in upon all occasions. They tormented Congress with it. They ruined all legislation with it. They alarmed the people with it. They threatened the dissolution of the Union with it. It was the *pandora* box of all evil in their hands; and the purity of legislation, the decorum of Congress, the success of the public business, the honour of republican government, the peace of the country, and the stability of the Union, require that these factions—the nullifiers and the Abolitionists—united as they are for mischief should be viewed alike throughout the Union, and meet everywhere the indignant frowns of an insulted, and outraged country.

Senator Atchison however, who opposes Mr. Benton, makes use of the same sort of thunder, and endeavours to turn the bolt against his antagonist. He has recently written a letter in reply to a resolution asking his views on the Wilmot Proviso and Legislature Resolutions of instruction. We make some extracts from it. After protesting against the injustice of the Proviso he proceeds:

As a *Senator*, I am instructed by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, to oppose all assaults upon the slaveholding States, *and nothing more*. But if Congress should adopt the Wilmot Proviso, or abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, or do any other act contrary to the principles expressed in the resolutions, then, the resolution declares, the State of "Missouri will be found in hearty co-operation with the slaveholding States, in such measures as may be found necessary for their mutual protection against the encroachments of Northern fanaticism," and I, as a *citizen*, will be found co-operating with Missouri, using every means to preserve the institutions of the States and the rights of the citizens thereof, from violation; and at the same time using every effort to preserve *the Union of all the States*. Let the citizens of the slaveholding States be united and present an unbroken front, and the storm will soon blow over, and the sun will again shine. The Union of these States is in no danger, so long as the compromises and guarantees of the constitution are respected.—Let the General Government refrain from the exercise of doubtful powers and we will hear no complaints of violated rights or oppressive legislation. The only danger to the Union of these States now to be feared grows out of the principles and action of the Abolition and Free Soil parties, or I should rather say the Abolition party, for the Free Soilers are only a sect of that party. They, however, have one and the same object in view; and that is, to restrict Slavery within its present limits, and ultimately to abolish it, wherever it now exists; and that through the agency of the general government, or by any other means by which it can be effected.

There is this difference, however, between the parent and the child; for Free Soilism is the offspring of Abolitionism. The Abolitionists declare their object to be, the extermination of Slavery wheresoever it exists, regardless of the walls and fortifications by which it is surrounded and protected. All means which can be used for this end are lawful with them; and one of those means is a dissolution of the Union. To establish this point I here insert resolutions adopted by the Abolitionists, in their Annual Convention, held in New York, not long since. They were introduced by a Mr. Edmund Quincy, and are as follows:

"*Resolved*, That that which is giving strength, extension, and perpetuity to Slavery—to wit, THE UNION—on being overthrown by a peaceful withdrawal from it by the non-slaveholding States, for conscience sake and self-preservation, must necessarily weaken, limit, and speedily extirpate Slavery from the American soil. Therefore,

Resolved, That the motto of every Christian and of every patriot should be—'No Union with slaveholders, either religiously and politically."

Resolved, That this is not a question of expediency, on which action may be innocently deferred "till a more convenient season," but one of absolute morality—of obedience to God and fidelity to mankind—to be met and carried out to the letter without delay."

The Free Soilers do not avow so much—they design more than they avow. They will prevent the extension of Slavery, and abolish it under the semblance of the constitution and in due form of law.—They do not propose to "storm the citadel, but to blockade and starve the garrison." They go about the work with method and skill. They first prohibit and exclude Slavery from the Territories. This confines it to the States where it now exists. They propose to abolish it in the District of Columbia, and in all dock yards, navy yards, forts, arsenals, &c. and to prohibit the slave trade between the States, and ultimately by the admission of a sufficient number of free States, to be formed out of the free Territories, to amend the Constitution—investing the General Government with power to abolish Slavery in the States—and finally to place the negro upon terms of social and political equality with the white man.

This Free Soil party, with Martin Van Buren at its head, has already *dissolved the union* of the Democratic party in some of the free States, and the work of dissolution is rapidly progressing in the Whig ranks in the same States; and let both Whigs and Democrats beware lest this party should effect a *dissolution* of the *Federal* Union of *the States*.

It is contended that Slavery cannot be carried into the territories of California and New Mexico, without a law of Congress authorizing the same; because it had been abolished by the Mexican Government, prior to the treaty by which it was ceded to the United States. If this proposition be true, then is it not strange, passing strange, that a party should spring up in the United States, one of whose first and greatest principles is the prohibition by law of the extension of Slavery to those very territories from which *it is already excluded?* Is it not strange that the legislature of every free State in this Union, should resolve in favour of the prohibition of Slavery in territories from whence *is it already excluded?* If this doctrine be correct, it is not madness in Northern members of Congress, year after year, and session after session, to propose and press this measure, and to refuse law and government to the people of the territories, without a clause expressly prohibiting Slavery!

A bill was introduced and passed the Senate at the session of 1647–6, providing a Territorial government for each of the Territories, to wit: Oregon, California, and New Mexico—leaving the question of Slavery in the two latter untouched. Every effort was made by the Free-soil men to incorporate their favourite proviso, but without effect. The Southern Senators, with few exceptions, if any, voting for the Bill—the Northern Senators, with but few exceptions, voting against it. This Bill went to the House of Representatives and was there defeated—a great majority of Northern Representatives voting against it; and the Southern Representatiues, with great unanimity, voting for it.

The great object of this Bill, which was reported to the Senate by the Hon. John M. Clayton, at that time a Senator from the State of Delaware—now Secretary of State—was to submit this very question to the decision of the Courts. If the Supreme Court of the United States should decide that it could not exist, and that slaves could not be held to service by their masters in those territories, without a law of Congress authorizing it, then the Free-soilers had gained all they contended for. But if, on the other hand, the Courts should decide that the Territories of California and New Mexico, were open to the settlement of the slaveholders with his slaves, then the southern citizen had gained nothing more than his rights under the Constitution of the United States. For this we contend and nothing more. Non-intervention by the General Government, is all that we ask.

If it be true that Slavery is now excluded from California and New Mexico, the Free-soilers are guilty not only of great folly, but of great wickedness. If this matter be an abstraction, why press it? Why press it with such zeal and violence, as to drive the southern people to desperation, when all that *they* ask, is to let the question alone where it is?

But, Fellow Citizens, this question is no abstration. It is a reality. A fearful reality. The moment California and New Mexico became territories of the United States, they became subject to all the restrictions imposed by the Constitution of the United States and none other. The people of those territories are entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities guarantied by the Constitution. All laws, ordinances, decrees and institutions, existing and in force in those territories prior to the ratification of the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, which are inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, are null and void. Therefore, all restrictions upon the subject of Slavery in these territories, derived from Legislation by the Mexican Government, *are null and void by the very act of acquisition.*

No shadow can bring with it such excitement, alarm and agitation, from one end of this Union to the other. The Legislatures of all the slave States, with one or two exceptions, have indignantly remonstrated against the abstraction—if it be one.

No abstraction can bring this confederacy to the very verge of dissolution. The best, if not the only way, to perpetuate the Union, is to administer the General Government in the same spirit of compromise, concession, forbearance, and fraternal feeling, in which it was formed.

This question has long been before the country in some shape or other, but never assumed its present aspect, until about the year 1835. The address of the Democratic National Convention of that year, repudiated the movements of the agitators. In 1838, the open and incendiary conduct of the Abolitionists caused every true friend to the Union to become alarmed at what was likely to be the result of their action. The Southern members of Congress generally, remonstrated against their nefarious propositions. The friends to the Constitution and the Union, in Congress, from the North, seeing what it must inevitably lead to, if persisted in, also took the alarm. They determined to arrest the spirit of aggression, and to stand by the guarantees of the Federal Constitution. In that year, (1838,) Mr. Atherton, a northern man, a member from the State of New Hampshire, introduced into Congress a series of resolutions which, after mature deliberation and warm discussion, were adopted by a large majority. Upon the principles contained in these resolutions all that have since been put forth have been predicated. The Democratic party of that day were fully committed in their support, and to show what they were, I here-with give them:

1. *Resolved*, That this government is a government of limited powers, and that, by the Constitution of the United States, Congress has no jurisdiction whatever over the subject of Slavery in the several States of this Confederacy.

2. *Resolved*, That petitions for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, *and the Territories of the United States*, and against the removal of slaves from one State to another, are a part of a plan of operations set on foot to affect the institution of Slavery in the several States, and thus indirectly destroy that institution within their limits.

3. *Resolved*, That Congress has no right to do that indirectly which it cannot do directly; and that the agitation of the subject of Slavery in the District of Columbia, or the Territories, as a means and with a view of disturbing or overthrowing that institution in the several States, is against the true spirit and meaning of the Constitution, an infringement of the rights of the States affected, and a breach of the public faith upon which they entered into the confederation.

4. *Resolved*, That the Constitution rests on the broad principles of equality among the members of this Confederation, and that Congrers in the exercise of its acknowled powers, has no right to discriminate between the institutions of one portion of the States and another, with a view of abolishing the one and promoting the other.

5. *Resolved, therefore*, That all attempts on the part of Congress to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia or the Territories, or to prohibit the removal of slaves from State to State, or to discriminate between the institutions of one portion of the confederacy and another, with the views aforesaid, are in violation of the constitution, destructive of the fundamental principle on which the union of these States rests, and beyond the jurisdiction of Congress; and that every petition, memorial, resolution, proposition, or paper, touching or relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to Slavery as aforesaid, or to the abolition thereof, shall, on the presentation thereof, without any further action thereon, be laid upon the table, without being debated, printed, or referred.

These are the celebrated Atherton resolutions. They were recognized as good Democratic doctrine, at the time of their adoption. They were introduced by a northern man, and sustained by the South. There was no cry of disunion raised against them then. It was believed that the safety of the Union depended on arresting the high handed and unwarrantable conduct of the Abolitionists. These resolutions did so for a time. So important and so just did they appear, that the principles they contained were adopted by the Democratic National Convention in 1814.

Of the Southern address he says:

There is nothing in that address, which by torture itself, can be construed into a *design to dissolve the Union*. If a calm and temperate narrative of wrongs inflicted on the one part and patiently endured on the other; of good faith violated, and of reckless assaults by one portion of the States, upon the rights and institutions of the other; all in utter disregard of the compact which bind these States together, he called conspiracy and disunion, then this address is replete with conspiracy and disunion. Then are all whose names are subscribed to it, conspirators and disunionists, for they are all men who knew what they were doing, and cannot, when put upon their trial, be acquitted upon the plea of ignorance.

* * * * * * *

That address calls upon and implores the people of the slave States to be united in their opposition to the measures of the Free Soil men and Abolitionists, and nothing more. Let us present an unbroken front to all their measures. Let them distinctly understand that they cannot, dare not, press their nefarious measures to consummation; that we have borne much, that we are willing to suffer much, and concede much, for the sake of peace and harmony; but there is a point beyond which this cannot pass, the compromises of the Constitution *must* be adhered to; if we *tamely submit*, if we but *waver, in vindicating our rights, all is lost.*

The same power that excludes you from participation in the gold mines of California, will ultimately force the abolition of Slavery in the States. The same power will reduce you to the social and political level of your emancipated slaves. The same argument that excludes Slavery from the territories will abolish Slavery in the States. If Slavery be a sin against the laws of God and Nation, an outrage against humanity, and a curse to the country where it exists, it is as much so in South Carolina and Louisiana as it will be in California and New Mexico. It is as detrimental to free labour in the one place as in the other. The constitution will not be much in the way. If it cannot be construed into the grant of power to effect this object, it can and will be amended; for the *free States* soon to be made out of *free Territory*, will enable them to do it; and all who are bold enough to resist this process, will be denounced as *traitors and disunionists.*

It is a vain hope that this question can be compromised, or in any way settled without united and determined resistance. How often has the Missouri compromise been tendered by the South and rejected by the North. They are unwilling to let the people of California and New Mexico settle this question for themselves, when they ask for admission into the Union as States—then by their fundameptal law, to admit or exclude it. They are resolved to admit no more slave States into this Union. The free States have been encroaching upon the slave States, ever since the ordinance of 1787. From that time until the present, the South has been conceding. We have retreatd until we can retreat no further; we must here make our last stand, or we must abandon our institutions and our equality as States of this Union. Every concession has been drawn into a precedent and is now used against us. If the free soil party triumphs, Missouri will fall the first victim to the spirit of Abolitionism:

In conclusion, fellow citizens, I will say that, as a Senator, I will oppose all Legislation by Congress which has for its object an interference with the domestic institutions of the several States, Territories, or District of Columbia; or which will prohibit our southern citizens, from emigrating to the territories, or from one State to another, with all the rights and immunities guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

I will obey the resolutions of the Legislature of this State upon the subject of Slavery.

I acknowledge the right of the Legislature to instruct me on all subjects touching my actions as a Senator, and my duty to obey or resign.

I am a citizen of a slaveholding State, and to its institutions owe allegiance. I am under obligations to the State of Missouri, for honours conferred, far above my merits. Her rights, interests and institutions are in part intrusted to my care. That trust I will never violate.

DAVID R. ATCHISON.

Confession of Faith.—The *Picayune* of this morning contains a sort of resume of the opinions held by the Rev. T. Clapp on the subject of Slavery, in which he is made to say that as a domestic institution, Slavery is not forbidden by the New Testament. He thinks now, as he has done for the last twenty years, that the principles and movements of the Anti-Slavery Societies in the North are condemned by numerous and explicit declarations of the New Testament, and Jesus Christ, the Christian Philanthropy requires the immediate emancipation of slaves.

This is explicit and easily understood. But there is one sentence towards the conclusion of the *Picayune's* article, which is not so explicit and easily understood—that sentence runs as follows: "Mr. Clapp has the same views, substantially, on this exciting topic, as those expressed last winter by the Hon Daniel Webster in his speech before the Senate of the United States on the expediency of legislating with regard to the extension of Slavery into our newly acquired territories." It would be more candid in Mr. Clapp, (for the article was evidently written by him or under his revision) to have avowed his sentiments on this "exciting topic," such as they are, than to have referred to a speech of Mr. Webster in the Senate of the United States, in order that those who desire to know his real views may be informed where to look for them. What were Mr. Webster's views on this "exciting topic," as expounded in a speech delivered before the Senate of the United States last winter? The question we cannot answer with precision—but we know that Mr. Webster, in and out of Congress, has generally acted and spoken with the abolition party—we know further that in his stump speeches delivered before the late presidential election, he always and uniformly declared in favour of the dangerous and unauthorized movements of the free soilers—he went so far on one occasion as to say that although General Taylor was not fit to be President of the United States, yet he (Webster) would vote for him because Taylor was likely to carry into effect the Wilmot proviso—and on the other hand, General Cass would do everything in his power to procure its rejection, and if elected President, would undoubtedly succeed in this his favourite object.

We presume Mr. Webster's speech, delivered last winter before the United States Senate, was not materially different in the views and opinions it expressed on this "exciting topic," from those which he delivered on other occasions, a few weeks or months before last winter. His views thus disclosed are most decidedly adverse to the rights and interests of the Southern States, as they have been explained and sustained by the most distinguished men of both parties in that portion of our country. The Rev. Mr. Clapp, who holds forth in a church somewhere up town, declares that he has the same views on this exciting topic, as those expressed by the Hon. D. Webster—an avowal, which would do honour to Mr. Clapp, if it were more explicit, as several persons in this community are aware that Mr. Webster himself would not dare to express in a public place in this city his real views and sentiments on that "exciting topic."—*New Orleans Courier.*

REV. MR CLAPP.

We think it expedient to embody in a short article the creed of Mr. Clapp touching the subject of Slavery, as communicated to us in a conversation with him yesterday.

In April, 1838, Mr. Clapp published a sermon on Slavery, in which he expressed the opinion, that it was neither directly nor indirectly forbidden by the spirit or precepts of the religion of Jesus Christ. Since that time, a repeated and more thorough examination has convinced Mr. C. that the essence of Christianity is at war with Slavery. For the Saviour says that the whole of his religion consists in obeying this precept: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But also Mr. C. thinks now, as he always has done, for the last twenty years, that the principles and movements of the Anti Slavery Societies at the North are condemned by numerous and explicit declarations of the New Testament. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, says: "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called." "Art thou called, being slave, care not for it. Abide in your condition of slavery. Think not that christianity proposes to release your obligations to your master. These obligations must be strictly observed and fulfilled"

"It is very probable (some one has remarked) that the slaves at Corinth had been led to think that their Christian privileges absolved them from the necessity of continuing slaves; or at least brought them on a level with their Christian masters. It was therefore a very proper subject for the Apostle to interfere in; and to his authority the persons concerned would no doubt respectfully bow."

Again Paul says in his first epistle to Timothy. "*Let as many slaves as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrines be not blaspheme.*"

Nothing can be found in the New Testament opposite to the tenor and spirit of the above quota. Paul's epistle to Philemon decides that Christianity makes no sudden, immediate alteration in men's political state; and that slaves should not be taken nor detained from their masters without their masters' consent. Christ and his apostles never lost sight of the claims of perfect rectitude and unblemished integrity. They aimed at nothing less than the universal advancement of human society, the exaltation of our guilty and afflicted race to knowledge, virtue and happiness. In the prosecution of this glorious purpose they did not intermeddle with politics. They did dot turn aside to inculcate revolutionary sentiments or measures. They said nothing about any kind of emancipation except that which consists in deliverance from the bondage of sin. When they found a man a master, instead of endeavouring to unsettle the relation between him and his slaves, their only effort was to make the master a good Christian, knowing that if the principles of the gospel were implanted in his bosom he would

to decide what persons shall be held in a state of bondage is the legislative power. In Louisiana, the Legislature must say who are to occupy the condition of slaves under their jurisdiction. To their mandate we must all bow. If one thinks their decision is not in accordance with justice and benevolence, he has a right to say so, and to do what he can to bring about an alteration of the law. But whilst one lives in this State, he is bound by Christianity to submit to its laws touching Slavery. For, the New Testament says, with respect to this very topic, ye must not resist the civil authorities, lest the name of Christ and his doctrine be evil spoken of. Mr. C. also affirms, that he entertains no sentiments on the subject of religion, or politics, which he would be unwilling to proclaim from his own pulpit, or publish in the columns of a newspaper. Mr. C. has the same views, substantially, on this exciting topic, as those expressed by the Hon. Daniel Webster in his speech last winter, before the Senate of the United States, on the expediency of legislating with regard to the extension of Slavery into our newly acquired territories. Every insinuation and assertion contained in the extract from the *Boston Chronotype*, published in our paper of Saturday, are, we feel certain, entirely unfounded.—*Picayune.*

SLAVE CASE IN THE SUPREME COURT.—The decision of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, upon the appeal of Daniel Kauffman, from the decision of the Cumberland County Court, fining him $2000 for aiding the escape of several fugitive slaves, was given on the 18th instant, by Judge Coulter. It will be remembered that Mr. Kauffman was convicted in the Cumberland County Court in a suit at *common law*, of seducing and enticing certain Maryland slaves to leave their masters; though it was proved by the witnesses of the slaveholders themselves, that his only connection with their escape was in permitting them to lodge in his barn for a single night, and to ride away in his wagon. Judge Hepburn, of the County Court, in his charge to the jury, maintained that if "Kauffman was acting with others in concert, who induced these negroes to escape from the service of the plaintiff and his acts formed a link in the chain to accomplish that object successfully, then he is liable as if he had done all." Upon this charge—which was so craftily worded as to imply what was proved false by the witnesses of the slaveholders—and without the slightest evidence that Kauffman ever knew of the escape or even existence of such slaves, until they came to beg his hospitality the jury convicted him. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and the following is the opinion of the Court upon the case.—*Pa. Freeman.*

JUDGE COULTER'S OPINION.

Kauffman, plaintiff in Error, vs. Oliver, et. al. } Error to Cumberland County.

This action is instituted at common law, leans upon it for support, and invokes the aid of its principles to sustain its objects and results. The sweeping generality of the two counts in the declaration of the plaintiff, and the instruction of the court, would leave room to infer that Kauffman, the defendant, had proceeded to the State of Maryland, and there seduced the alleged slaves from their servitude; brought them to the State of Pennsylvania, and there conceal[illegible] or capture them. This mode of stating the case, throws around it some air of possibility, although it makes no difference in the application of the law, which the judgment of the court deems fit and suitable to control and decide. But the testimony does in no wise warrant, or authorize such general conclusions. Giving to it the most ample range, it amounts to this and no more: That the alleged slaves had been removed from Arkansas to the State of Maryland in February, 1846, from which State they escaped during the night, in October, 1847; John M. Stake, the relative of the plaintiff, below, their agent and witness, stated that he would rather have their value, than recapture the fugitives; two of whom were men, one with a stiff arm; two women, three boys, and the rest, amounting to thirteen in all, were girls; three of them were at so tender an age that the rest were obliged to carry them. Coal, a negro, and witness for the plaintiff, testifies that he found these persons in Chambersburg, and took them away as a friend; to help them along, and prevent them from being taken. They told him, as he testified, that they had been slaves in Maryland, that they were to be sold, *and that to prevent their sale*, they made their escape. He took them in the night to Shippensburg, from that to Miller's Furnace, and finally to Kauffman, and put them in his barn in the morning, and shut the door, and called Kauffman, who inquired what was the matter. Coal told him to come to the barn and he should see. When Coal showed him the negroes in the barn, Kauffman told him to take them away, more than once; but finally agreed to let them stay till night, and agreed to give them something to eat. Coal then went to Butler, a negro, and gave his wife notice that he, Coal, wished to go home. That evening the negroes were hauled away in Kauffman's wagon; but to what place is not stated in the evidence. The wagon was returned in the night; who was the driver is not stated; but it appears not to have been Kauffman, who was standing at the end of the barn when the wagon started. Several neighbours, having heard that negroes were there, went to see them; some were witnesses and others not. Gutshall, a witness for the plaintiff, testified on his cross-examination, that John M. Stake offered him one hundred dollars if he would swear that Daniel Kauffman hauled the negroes away; and he said he did'nt care a damn about the negroes if he could get Kauffman. This was said at Trincle Spring Tavern; Wm. Brown and Samuel Crabb were present.

These are the striking and almost the only merits of the case developed by the testimony, except some proof of ownership, and the sum and substance of the evidence. From it no glimmering of fact or circumstance is perceived to warrant a conclusion that Kauffman enticed the fugitives to run away, or that they were enticed to do so by any human being. On the contrary, it appears from that evidence, as given on behalf of the plaintiff, that the negroes were prompted to fly at any hazard, by the fear of their being sold, and perhaps and almost inevitably to be separated—mothers from their children, and husbands from their wives and families forever. Prompted by the vast longings of the heart for kindred by nature, they were impelled to seek freedom through danger and peril, rather than endure Slavery among strangers and oppressors.

I waive all enquiry as to a point made on the record, to wit—whether the court did not err by instructing the jury in the language, to wit: "But if Kauffman was acting with others, in concert, who induced these negroes to escape from the service of the plaintiff, and his acts formed a link in the chain to accomplish that object successfully, then he is liable as if he had done all." Insomuch as there is no evidence, as alleged by defendant, to warrant such instruction, I waive it, not because it is of little magnitude, but for a reason that I will state presently; and for the same reason I waive all observation upon the bills of exception taken to evidence by the defendant. I will observe, however, that the true question in this aspect of the case ought to be, and is, whether in the State of Pennsylvania a citizen who gives a cup of cold water and a morsel of bread to famishing women and children, and permits them to rest a few hours in his barn, when they are supplicants to his mercy, and even gives them a lift in his wagon, even if it should turn out that they are fugitives from Slavery to freedom, does by that offer of mercy and compassion break the law, and make himself liable for their price in the *mart* where men, women and children are bought and sold—whether he is bound to let them perish on his own land, or drive them off to die on the land of his neighbour? Are they outcasts from the law of mercy and humanity, although they have within them that ray from Divinity, which we call a soul, and are sensible to hopes and fears, to agony and despair!

But we turn to another aspect of the case; one which presents a question which concerns the sovereignty of the State—the independence of its tribunals, and the character of the common law—a question which overmasters all minor points presented on the record.

The defendant pleaded to the jurisdiction of the court.

Pennsylvania reverently acknowledges and clings to the compact of union, as declared in the Constitution of the United States. Her bright escutcheon of good faith to that compact will never be soiled by her Courts, or tarnished by her people. The Constitution recognizes Slavery in a State under whose municipal and local regulations it exists. But at the time of its adoption, it was a compromise of conflicting interests, on many subjects, and none more emphatically so than on the subject of Slavery. Then Pennsylvania was a free State. In 1780, the Legislature, in grateful commiseration of her then certain prospect of escaping from the house of bondage and the hand of the oppressor; and as the preamble to the act recites, "in consequence thereof, being freed from the narrow prejudices which they had imbibed, and feeling their hearts enlarged with kindness and benevolenee to men of all conditions and nations," abolished Slavery within her borders as to all people thereafter born, within her limits. From that time she has been deemed and taken as a free State, and as such assented to the compact of union.

Slavery, then, is recognized and enforced here by virtue of that compact alone. The voice of her own policy proclaims, so far shalt thou go, but no farther. The language of the Compact is—"No person held to service in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." Upon claim made by the person to whom service is due, the fugitive shall be delivered up. To whom shall this claim be made? Undoubtedly to the person or persons who shall have the alleged slave in custody, or who shall attempt to protect him from the owner to whom the services are due. And as by the Compact, the slave is not discharged from his service by escaping into a free State, the owner or his authorized agent may pursue and take him, without riot or a breach of the peace, by manucaption, or reprisal, in any place where the Compact is obligatory, just in the same manner as if the recaption was in a slave territory. Sovereignty is so far yielded by the free States, and so far the constitutional provision executes itself. But if the fugitive harboured, protected, concealed, or enticed by any persons, the owner must make the claim in a legal manner and by legal process, according to the Constitution and laws of the United States. The mode, manner and circumstance of such claims are fully set forth in the act of Congress of 1793, and the means of making such claims effectual are therein provided.

Congress have regarded this claim, to the service of the fugitive, as a right of property, and that is the only light in which it can be viewed, and which must be made by one person or persons against another person or persons, and properly to be arrested in a court of justice. It is, therefore, a controversy between parties, arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, and must be referred to the forum having jurisdiction of such controversies. The Constitution of the United States declares, that the judicial power of the courts of the United States shall extend to all cases in law and equity, arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, &c. This cause of action, good or bad, is within the jurisdiction of the United States, courts, for Congress have power to pass all laws necessary to make the claim efficacious and commensurate with the constitutional provision. But it must be done through the Court over which Congress have power, and through their instrumentality; otherwise the claim might be rendered abortive, by the decisions of the State courts, pursuing their own local policy. The claim ought, primarily to be asserted in courts whose decisions should conclude the subject of dispute, and not in a foreign forum, adverse to the whole process; if it pursues the feelings and policy of it own laws, and the principle of the common law. The provisions of the act of Congress must be pursued in the tribunals of the United States. Then they meet with no warfare by local legislation or municipal peculiarities. And the person claiming the services of the fugitive is in the forum of that sovereignty and jurisdiction under which his claim is made. Within the terms of the Compact, and within the act of Congress, we acknowledge the validity of the claim when made in the proper forum. But outside the Compact we breathe more freely. We feel the genial influence of the common law on this subject. The principle sprung fresh and beautiful and perfect from the mind of Lord Mansfield, in the great case of the negro Somersett, that by the common law of a slave, of whatever country or colour, the moment he was on English ground, became free—endued with sanctity of reason. This case was decided before the Revolution, and became the common law of this State, always, saving and excepting the inroad of the Compact and compromise. This action, then, professes to be founded on the principles of the common law. But by the principles of that law, the fugitives were free the moment when they touched the soil of Pennsylvania. All the incidents, accompaniments, and attributes of bondage fell from around them. By that law, even persuading the fugitives to fly would be no offence in Pennsylvania, what ever it might be in Maryland. Bnt the act of Congress in the 3d *section*, which specifies the acts for which damages may be recovered, and the penalty incurred, does not mention that of inciting negroes to run away; and we must gather the merit and intent of the legislative power, as well from what they do not say, as from that which they do say.

It was ruled in the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Ohio, that if a slave escape to a free State, he is free according to the principles of the common law, and recapture in a free State is justified only by the Compact in the Constitution, and the act of Congress. And it was told in the same case that damages for harbouring and concealing a slave in a free State are not recoverable at the common law. *Vanzandt vs. Jones*, 2d *McLean*, 596. It was also ruled in the same cause, that the saying in the 4th section of the act of Congress, of the owner's right of action covered merely the same ground as that embraced by the acts for which the penalty is inflicted; that is, that the owner should be entitled to his action for damages, on account of the same acts for which the penalty is inflicted, but of course in the same forum.

So that the plaintiff here is unaided by that provision upon which he placed some reliance. The damages are for the same injuries, arise under the same law as the penalty; and the action for the penalty might as well be mentioned at the common law, as the action for the damages. Neither can be maintained outside of the act of Congress. I admit that a free State, although not bound to enforce in its tribunals the Slavery of another sovereignty, and thus render itself subservient to the policy of another State, in opposition to our own, yet it may do so if it will. But it will be a matter of capacity, and not as a matter of right or duty.

In the year 1826, the Legislature of this State, for the purpose of aiding in the accomplishment of the compact to deliver fugitives when claimed, passed an act, enjoining upon State magistrates and judges the duty of acting, and prescribing the manner in which the duty should be discharged. This act of capacity was conceived in a just and fraternal spirit; only throwing around the fugitive some safeguards to prevent *kidnapping* under colour of law. This act, however, was declared unconstitutional, by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Prigg vs. the Com. of Penn. (16 *Peters*, 593,) in which case it was resolved that the act was null and void—that Congress possesses the exclusive right to legislate on the subject, and that State Legislatures have no right whatsoever. In short, it is fully held, that the power of Congress is adequate to all the emergencies of the subject, and if it has not fulfilled them, it may, and perhaps will. This is the supreme law of the land on the subject. State Legislatures are bidden back, as intruding into forbidden places. But it is intimated that although State magistrates and judges are not compilled, that nevertheless they may act, if it is not contrary to the policy of the State. On this point, there is some diversence among the judges, but I have stated the opinion of the majority. Very well, so let it be. The policy of this State is indicated in the act of 1780, in the act of 1826, and in the feelings and principles and government of the State.

Under these circumstances, our Courts are interdicted from assuming a voluntary jurisdiction, since the act of 1826 has been repudiated and thrown out of Court, as the decisions of our tribunals might, and perhaps would be, against the claim of the owner of the fugitives. After full consideration, this Court is of opinion, that an action of this kind can only be sustained under the act of Congress of 1793.

That our State Courts have not jurisdiction of action under the statute.

And the principles of the common law do not sustain any such action in this State.

The plea to the jurisdiction is therefore sustained, and the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland County for $2000 is reversed.

MATHEW WOOD.—The following (says the *Evening Post*) is a copy of the letter written by Wood on the morning of the day on which he was to have been hung, and while he was under the full impression of the certainty of his impending fate. He had spent the night in preparing an account of the whole affair so far as he was acquainted with it. In the meantime, through the intercession of General Wallbridge and some others, he was still further respited, as we mentioned yesterday, until the 20th instant.

NEW YORK CITY PRISON, July 10, 1849. }
Half-past 3 o'clock. }

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—I was to have been executed on the 22d of June, but some friends persuaded the Governor to respite me until the 10th of July, this day; and I have been up all night having a statement of my case prepared for publication, which will be sent to you. In a few hours I shall be dead, but I shall die innocent, and hope to go to a world where all my troubles will have an end. Those who should have been my friends now, brought me to the gallows; and if you come to this country, you will find better friends among strangers than your own relations. It would give me great happiness to see you once more, but as we can never again meet on earth, I hope we shall all meet in Heaven.

Farewell, my dear father and my beloved mother; your son's last words to you are, that he dies innocent: may God have mercy on me and sustain me in the hour of death, and take me to himself.

And now, my dear sisters and brothers, a long and last farewell to you: may we all meet where no enemies can part us or do us harm.—MATHEW WOOD.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1849

British Emancipation!

FIRST OF AUGUST AT MILTON, DUTCHESS Co.

The ABOLITIONISTS of MILTON and its vicinity, propose to celebrate the ensuing Anniversary of EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES by a PIC NIC to be held on WEDNESDAY next, the 1st of August in a Grove near the FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE in Milton. Should the weather prove inclement, the meeting will be held within the Meeting House.

Among those who have been invited to be present as speakers, and some of whom have accepted the invitation, are:

ISAAC T. HOPPER, PARKER PILLSBURY, ROBERT PURVIS, S. S. FOSTER, ABBY K. FOSTER MARY GREW, S. H. GAY.

A hearty welcome will be extended by the friends in Milton to all who will unite with them in the commemoration of the most remarkable event of modern times—the EMANCIPATION OF EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVES—a Revolution without shedding a drop of blood—the signal triumph of the principles of the Christian religion over the time serving policy of a government, and the avarice and violent passions of a powerful and wealthy class of its subjects, in favour of the lowest and most despised

As Milton is a central point on the Hudson river it is confidently hoped that a full *rally* of the Abolitionists of Eastern New York will be made on Wednesday next.

MR. H. H. BIGHAM, editor of the *La Grange* (GA.) *Reporter*, addresses us as follows, in his paper of the 14th ultimo:

LA GRANGE, June 12, 1849.

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, ESQ.

Mr. Editor:—In the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of the 1st and 7th instant, of which paper you enjoy the unenviable privilege of being styled the editor, I notice reports of agitation meetings, both in New York and Boston, of the Abolitionists, whose organ the *Standard* seems to be.

The speakers at these meetings took occasion to assail the Constitution of the United States for its neutrality on the Slavery question; and, also, to roundly berate the different bodies of the Christian church because they are not disposed to clog themselves with partizanship of a civil nature.

This position, sir, which your compeer agitators occupy relative to the Constitution of our country, is by no means an admirable one. That instrument comes down to us surrounded and illustrated by memories of the most glorious days of our Republic—by memories of Washington, of Hamilton, of Franklin and Morris, of Livingston, and their noble colleagues—the offspring of much deliberative wisdom. If you will only reflect upon this circumstance, and realize that you place yourselves, in your unthoughted opposition to this GREAT CHARTER, in direct contra position to the fathers of our Confederacy, you will correct your zeal, and make yourselves more acceptable to your fellow-citizens If you are men, be men; and do not attempt, with all the feeble energies you can draw into existence, to tear up the fortifications of your liberty, and to scatter to the winds of heaven an instrument embalmed in the most sacred cells of the hearts of your countrymen.

With reference to your quarrel with the Church, permit me to affirm, that it appears from history that Slavery existed, as a civil institution, in most countries, when Christianity was first promulged. Yet we see Christ himself commanding servants even to be obedient to their masters; and his immediate apostles in no place prohibited it to their followers. This single affirmation, if you cannot disprove it, (and you cannot,) is a sufficient rebuke to your cynical revilings of the Churches of Christ

These propositions are just and true, and have their effect, even admitting that the institution of African Slavery, as it exists in America, is an unholy and iniquitous institution. But this we do not admit. We aver, and can prove it, that in your quotations of cases you do not represent fairly all the sides of the question under consideration. There are many cases, sir, like the following which you might publish if you would. But you *will* not. You can call up your Frederick Douglasses, your Henry Bibbs, your Henry *Box* Browns, and your William and Ellen Crafts; but it does violence to you to revert to the celebrated Randolph Estate Case, or to speak of the many hundreds of slaves travelling with their masters through the Northern States, who can neither be persuaded or decoyed off. Let us to the Case:

A FAITHFUL SLAVE.—The *Fairfield* (S. C.) *Herald* states that a coroner's inquest was held in that place, upon the body of a servant of J. W. Hudson, Esq. named Julius, who committed suicide, by shooting himself with a pistol. He had been kindly and affectionately reared by his mistress, the late Mrs. Martha T. Hudson, from early infancy, and instructed by her in reading and writing. Having never known a mother's care his devotion to his mistress was without bound; his honesty and intelligence gained the respect of his master and mistress, and from them, for years past, he had not received an unkind word. Upon the death of his mistress, grief for her loss drove him to this act of despair.

Again, Sir, I present another view—one already brightly before the Congress of the Union by the eloquent McDowell, of Virginia. Who knows but the moral and intellectual renovation of benighted Africa depends upon the civilization which her sons are acquiring among the States of America? Who knows, I ask, but that God has all this matter in His own omnipotent hands? Presume not to meddle with the work of Deity. In His own good time, HE will develope His plans, in their completion. The duty of man does not extend to rank radicalism. It is his to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow creatures; his to hold the open hand of charity to all the cries of want; but not his to correct what God has done; nor his, with ruthless hands, to invade the heart-dear rights of others. If what these remarks hint at is true, then is it the true policy of patriots to abide by rectitude, and not to wander off into the dark labyrinths of unreflecting agitaion. The children of Israel, the chosen people of God, were long held in bondage by the Egyptians, but at His own proper time God led them forth and planted them on the plains of Judea.

I, sir, am a man, not disposed to be violent. I am made sorry to see any of my countrymen running astray in the paths of error. I therefore fervently hope that you, and those who have strayed with you, will profit by the few crude thoughts herein presented.

Yours, truly,
EDITOR LA GRANGE REPORTER.

As few of our fellow estrays, we presume, have the opportunity of seeing the *La Grange Reporter*, we copy the editor's letter, and if anybody is converted thereby from the error of his ways, we trust he will make it known to us, that we may report progress to Mr. Bigham.

We entirely appreciate that gentleman's kind intentions, and heartily thank him for the deep interest he seems to take in our spiritual and moral welfare; but we are constrained to say that he has not yet brought us to that point even of wishing to exchange the editorial arm-chair of the *Standard*—unenviable as the privilege is, we confess, in some respects—as the assailant of Slavery, for that of the *La Grange Reporter* as its defender. We trust, also, that we have a proper appreciation of the distinction awarded us of being addressed, with a title at each end of our name, and, as if some hope remained that our head might still be put to what he esteems a legitimate use, by one of the conservators of public morals in that State on whose statute-books stands to this day we believe, an Act entitled an Act condemning to quite another purpose than that of thinking the head of the distinguished pioneer in the Anti-Slavery cause. We may hint, too, that it is quite as probable that the law will be carried into effect in the one case, as that the wish of the editor for our conversion will be realized in the other.

Seriously, however, we are gratified at the courteous tone assumed by the editor of the *Reporter*, in so striking contrast with the spirit manifested of late by so many of his Southern contemporaries under whose indignant notice the *Standard* has chanced to come. We rejoice in such evidence that all slaveholders do not deem threats of the bowie-knife and the hangman's rope their best or only arguments. Such supports do not strengthen a good cause, and they weaken a bad one. Men who fear fair discussion are conscious of their own weakness, or that of their cause; and few are so pure, or so wholly free from error, that they have the right to denounce only. This right certainly does not belong to the advocates of Slavery, and should the people become convinced by no other means that the system is full of evil, their sense of justice alone will lead them at length to range themselves on the side of those who are opposed only by violence and the threat of violence. It is, however, a true instinct which moves such opponents, for freedom of thought and of speech is a speedy emancipator We are confident that the editor of the *Reporter* will not venture to admit to his columns even such replies as we may make to any defence he may choose to offer of Southern Slavery.

We find in this letter admissions enough to justify the course of those who are seeking the Abolition of Slavery, even had they no other light to guide them. God, in His own good time, the writer thinks, will lead forth the American slave from bondage as He did His people out of Egypt. The day of emancipation then is coming, and as Mr Bigham, we presume, does not believe that the Almighty will lay his commands in person upon another Moses, it must come through human will and agency. It could not be the will of the Almighty that the system should ever be abolished if it were not wrong, and being wrong, the sooner it is abolished the better; for every moment adds to its injustice, and if it be a hard task to correct it to-day, it will be harder to-morrow. The slaveholder, be he never so pious, need not fear anticipating the will of God in this matter. It is hardly a question whether the Egyptians would have been overwhelmed with Divine wrath had they presumed to free the children of Israel before Moses was born. The Northern States of this Union, at any rate, have ventured to rid themselves of Slavery without waiting for any other intimation of the Divine will than is given through ordinary human reason, and the vengeance of the Almighty has not yet overtaken them on that account. The desolated fields, the decaying prosperity, the ignorance, immorality, and poverty of the people are not the chief characteristics of those communities which have ceased to be slaveholding. As between New England and the Carolinas the Almighty has not chosen to display his displeasure towards that people which has not thought it worth while to await the coming of a second Moses.

There are, moreover, certain other grave difficulties in the way of this prospective hope of Emancipation. We doubt if a "promised land" could be found to which the host of bondmen could be led, that would not be speceily annexed by our growing Republic, and Divine wisdom would hardly lead the marching millions to a forty years' wilderness—to say nothing of the drowning of the slaveholders in the Gulf of Mexico; a fact the necessity of which, in this Scripture view of the subject, we insist, should not be lost sight of—for such a result of the whole matter; and if they are to be freed on the spot, it is not blasphemous to suggest that the Almighty, if He means ever to interfere personally, would not wait till time has increased to a still greater degree than now exists the difficulties of such a work. In any view of the case we do not see how we can escape the conclusion that the best way to do the will of God herein is to listen to His command to "let my people go," without awaiting the awful consequences which in the case of the Egyptians followed its disobedience.

We accept the editor of the *Reporter's* definition of the duty of man as sufficiently comprehensive to embrace our Abolitionism. It is precisely "to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-creatures" that we aim at, and contend that in so doing we do not presume to "correct what God has done," but rather to remedy what the devil is doing. Nor does the incident related of "A Faithful Slave" convince us that these efforts are not needed. We will not dispute, but are even willing to affirm, the fact that there are many kind masters and mistresses among slaveholders—kind, that is, after the manner of slaveholding which at the best only means good food and clothing, and certain other personal indulgencies touching merely the physical condition of the slave. Giving full weight to such a case as that related, and it is good for nothing as evidence as to the character of Slavery. It is not pretended that Julius hanged himself because he loved his condition, but because he loved his mistress. He would have continued a slave after her death, so he could have been moved by no fear of losing his happy prerogative of chattlehood; but it was the certainty of that, no doubt—the knowledge of his own helplessness—that he had no power to change his condition—but must continue subject to the despotic will of another, had far more to do with his suicide than grief. He had been happy in the *quasi* freedom which had been allowed him, and the fear, or the certainty that he could enjoy this no longer, drove him to seek relief in death. We see in this incident only a new proof of the horrors with which an intelligent slave views his fate. "I am contented enough as long as old missis lives," said one of these people to us once, "but when *she* dead!—Ah! Massa!"—and language failed to express the dread the poor creature felt of what was to follow when the brittle thread of the life of an aged woman, on which depended the merely physical comfort of several hundred human beings, was broken, for she well knew that she and her companions were to become the property of a brutal, drunken, and tyrannical master, who would spare neither sex nor age to his lust, his passions, or his avarice.

But if this view of the case of Julius were not correct, and it be a fact that slaves cut their throats because they are enamoured of Slavery, how many such cases can be found? and how many of them will it take to weigh down the counter testimony that there are at this moment, doubtless 30,000 or 40,000 fugitives in Canada, and the Northern States who have shown no such fondness either for their masters or their masters' service?

The physical condition of the slave is one reason, and a strong one, why such a cusre should be wiped off from the face of the earth, but it is not the only, nor the strongest reason. Yet we are perfectly willing to try conclusions on this point alone, and abide by the result. Could the evidence be fairly adduced we believe that no state of society, since the world began, can show a people subjected to so many wrongs, to so many atrocious cruelties, as are suffered, at this moment, by the labouring class of the Southern plantations of this country. And although every means is taken to hide this evidence, enough forces itself to the light of day to make the very stones of our streets cry out for shame, were it not that the stones were as hard as the hearts of the American people. The laws of the Southern States alone are sure witnesses of how totally unprotected are their slaves in life and limb, and that the very existence of the system involves the necessity of subjecting these poor creatures to the absolute and despotic will of their masters and overseers. The advertisements for fugitives, which make so striking a feature in Southern newspapers, are very often a proof of the same fact; and brief notices, in these papers, of cruelties inflicted upon slaves are most conclusive testimony as to the character of that social state in which such things *can* happen, at the same time that they prove that there must be an infinite depth below the deeps revealed. Where else, for instance, in the world, where newspapers are printed, do we meet with such a paragraph as this from a late number of the *Raleigh* (N. C.) *Times*:

A BRUTAL HOMICIDE—We learn that two men, named Alexander Moore and James Whitifield, of Franklin County, one day last week, *tied and whipped to death a negro man* belonging to W. E. Person, near Franklintown. The circumstances, as related to us, were exceedingly shocking—but we forbear detail.

And here is a statement of a suicide committed under rather different circumstances from those on which our correspondent looks with so so much complacency. It is from the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *American*:

A negro girl belonging to Mr. Louis C. Lisby hung herself last week. Her mother had run off, and the girl being threatened with punishment if she did not give information as to the whereabouts of the runaway, committed suicide.

What was the punishment to be that death was preferred to it?

The *Jacksonville* (Fla.) *News* of the 19th ultimo says:

Our readers will learn with regret the intelligence of the brutal attack upon Mr. Madison of Marion County. We understand the cause to have been this: Mr. Madison and Dr. B. M. Byrne were riding together past the plantation of Burleson, and witnessed some inhuman treatment of the field hands by himself and his overseer, Meadows. The brutes had actually caused a *woman to be torn in pieces by their dogs.*

Mr. Madison was afterward waylaid and killed by these wretches for venturing to interfere with their dversion.

The editor of the (Bryan, Ohio) *Spirit of the Age*—a responsible person—publishes the following extract of a letter from a correspondent at the South, and holds himself ready to give the proof if required:

A runaway slave in ——— had been doing considerable damage in the way of burning corncribs, houses, &c, from what motive I know not with certainty. He was hunted down like a wild beast. When caught, a company of whites watched him over night, and *amused* themselves *by heating the steel ramrods of their guns red hot and piercing his flesh!* In the morning fifty of the citizens of the county convened in solemn council and voted, that he should be hung—his head be cut off and raised upon a pole! He met his fate like a martyr—only begging that his head might remain on his body. His request was unheeded—AND FOR WEEKS HIS HEAD REMAINED UPON THE POLE—A MORSEL FOR THE BUZZARDS TO PICK AT!! Court time came around, and some order-loving, law-abiding man, tried to get the perpetrators of this horrid crime indicted. But *eleven of the Grand Jurymen were "particeps criminis" and "the bill was Ignored."*

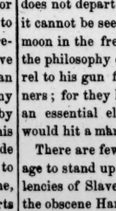
It argues nothing against such atrocities as these that attempts are sometimes made to punish the perpetrators. The fact that they are and *can be* committed is that to which we wish to call attention It is worth noting, as we pass, that we have made no special search for these few cases; they have turned up casually, all in the space of a few weeks in our ordinary reading of exchanges, and we very likely might within the same time have found a score or two of a similar character had we made a point of searching for them.

But here is an incident of another sort. The inhumanity of the whole proceeding almost exceeds belief. It is from a late number of the *New Orleans Delta*. The fact of the abandonment of the blind girl was revealed by a negro in revenge for some violence inflicted upon his person by Alexander Priere, and George Hno instituied proceedings for the recovery, as his slaves, of the descendants of the poor creature whom his father turned out to die. Here is the *Delta's* story.

Several years since, George Heno, a butcher who had acquired a fortune in this city, left for France where he resided until death. When leaving here, he disposed of all his slaves but one, a young girl whom, in consequence of her being blind, he was unable to sell and without manumitting her *told her to go and take care of herself.* In the lapse of years, the blind girl became the mother of two children, a son and a daughter. The son, now a full grown man, is the party accused in the abovementioned case, and the daughter is herself the mother of several children.

The family of Mr. Heno have always resided in this city, but never having seen the blind girl since he dismissed her, she had passed from their memory. His son, George Heno, being informed of the statement of Tomassin, now appears and claims the whole Priere family—mother, son, daughter and grand children—as his property, and has instituted proceedings to take place in his possession.

The *New Orleans Picayune* for several successive numbers in April contained this advertisement:



FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subcribers, near Thibodaux, a negro man, named PETER, age about 27 years, rather light complexion, near 6 feet high, very spare; *was shot in the hip and thigh with thirteen buckshot, which have certainly left scars.* Peter is a smart likely man, of good countenance, speaks English only. The above reward will be paid for his apprehension and delivery to us at Thibodaux, or Twenty-Five Dollars if lodged in jail so that we can get him again. J. H. GUDDAY & Co.

The (Augusta, Ga.) *Constitutionalist* of the 20th ultimo, thus advertises a man, and the method that has been pursued to catch one who, as he will not confess himself a slave, is very likely a native of New York or Massachussetts:

$20 REWARD.—RANAWAY from the subscriber, his Negro man BOB or ROBERT, about 22 or 23 years of age. Bob is about six feet high, of black complexion, has a naked spot on his head, of slim make, his teeth bend outwards, *and his legs bear the marks of dog bites.* I bought him out of Wilkes county jail, where he refused to give the name of his owner, *and was sold to pay jail fees.* He may now do the same as regards myself. The above reward will be paid for his apprehension and confinement in any jail so that I can get him.

THOS. A BARKSDALE.
Lincoln county.

Now here is the merest glance at the system of American Slavery, but enough for the first lesson for the editor of the *La Grange Reporter*. if he feels inclined to come to school to us. Lest he should think, however, that the discussion has gone far enough we beg to assure him that the fault we find with the Constitution of the United States is, not that it is not neutral on this subject, but that the fathers whom he calls upon us to remember only to reverence, we cannot forget pledged the National faith in that instrument to perpetuate the curse of such a bondage as this upon the African race; and we assure him also that it is not political partizanship we ask of the Church, but only that she may admit something of the spirit of humanity into what she calls her religion, though truly we are well nigh convinced that we might as well pray to, or rebuke the East wind as the Church, the Trinity of whose worship is the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

Signs at the South.

The people of the North are not an ungrateful or an unreasonable generation. They ask but for little and are thankful for less. They have sufficient sense of the discreditable and disturbing character of Slavery, and just enough consciousness of their own guilt and folly in regard to it, to make them desirous of seeing something doing towards getting rid of it. But they are too true to the national character, which their national institutions have fostered, to wish to have it done in the directest and most straightforward way. They cannot be persuaded that a straight line is indeed the nearest way between two points They must needs think that a curve is not only the line of beauty but the line of directness, too. And the greater the curve, not only the more beautiful but the more direct does it look to them. Provided they can only see it trending away from the object they pretend to wait to reach they rejoice and are exceeding glad. But if the curvature does not depart so widely from the point aimed at that it cannot be seen at all, they throw up their caps to the moon in the frenzy of their joy. They improve upon the philosophy of the Irishman who had a crooked barrel to his gun for the convenience of firing round corners; for they hold a rectangular twist of barrel to be an essential element of the weapon with which they would hit a mark directly before their noses.

There are few now at the North who have the courage to stand up for the natural rights and moral excellencies of Slavery. Whatever any of us may think of the obscene Harpy that is battening upon the life-blood of millions of our countrymen, there are few who would disguise the cruel deformity of the foul monster by giving it, like the poets of old, the face of a beautiful woman. No, we are pretty much all agreed that it is an unnatural and ill-omened bird of prey, only we think that as long as our neighbours choose to domesticate it and keep it to hunt down their game for them, it is none of our business. Nay more, that we are bound to act the parts of good and trusty game-keepers, to see that no harm comes to this instrument of their sport, and to drive back again any of the beasts of chase which may have escaped to us. For were not these the terms on which we were admitted to the service of our paramount lords? On which we are allowed to sit at the same board, only below the salt, with our masters, and to feed upon the crumbs that fall from their political table? The first elements of morality that are instilled into us teach us to be true to the compromises of the Constitution. In other words, to do all the dirty work our toleration of Slavery makes necessary. And to look upon this as an act of sublime patriotism and exalted virtue! We have mended the old morality of the world which inculcates the cutting of throats in fair combat as the height of mortal excellence, by engrafting upon it the self-denying virtue of assisting at the hunting, flogging, branding and killing helpless human beings, with no reward but that of being kicked for our pains.

There has, to be sure, been a small remnant left at the North who have held heretical doctrines on this head. Who believe Slavery to be one of those dire pests of the human race which are entitled to none of the courtesies of the chase. Which are to be attacked and knocked on the head in any way, not wrong in itself, and by any process, however summary. They have not thought it necessary to make any long circuits, but have gone straight to their point. They have sought out to themselves no inventory of crooked guns or unstrung bows for this warfare. The weapons that would carry truest were good enough for them. And the howlings of the quarry, and the curses of its protectors, testify how knowing they are in their wood-craft and how sure in their aim. But these impracticable sportsmen have met with no more favour than usually falls to the lot of poachers and irregular practitioners, generally. Failing to suppress them, which was earnestly attempted, the wise and good at the North have done their best to hinder them in their work and paralyze their good right arms. But as soon as their labours have compelled an unwilling attention at the South, and men have discerned that when such a hunt is on foot the death of the game is inevitable, and have set themselves to prolong its life as long as can be, then the shouts arise from the printing offices, and the *Te Deums* swell up from the pulpits in view of such glorious progress. One slaveholding statesman would preserve Slavery strictly and make a monopoly of its blessings in favour of the happy region now enjoying them, and politicians are aghast at the temerity of his virtue! Another is willing that, a generation or two hence, his fellow-citizens should by degrees, leave off stealing men; provided, when they had done with the stolen goods they should ship them all off, at the chattel's own expense, to the coast of Guinea! And Boston Doctors of Divinity, fall on their knees and thank God that he has raised up such a prophet in these latter days. Leave has come down for us to be glad, and we gratefully use the privilege.

Cassius Clay was the first who opened the mouths in the faces of dough at the North. But even the meat with which he furnished them, though certainly none of the strongest, was more than many of them could swallow. The earnestness of his antagonism in his first days of enthusiasm seemed "injudicious" and unwise to many. After he had disappointed the hopes of his early promise by his desertion into Mexico, the Emancipation Movement still went on in Kentucky until it attained a size and shape that seemed to call for the interposition of the great Compromise. A large party, growing into daily increasing strength, were resolute to be rid of the millstone which hung around the neck of their prosperity and honour. They were in earnest. Something must be done. The hosts of Slavery, too, were mustering to the field of Armageddon. It was precisely the emergeucy to call for the interposition of the palsying conjuration of the Magician of Ashland. A middle way was to be devised which should content the Abolitionists without dissatisfying the slaveholders—which should be well pleasing to God without displeasing the Devil. The slaveholders, we believe, have not accepted this boon, which we have briefly characterized in the last paragraph, with the gratitude which it demanded, and the Emancipationists, there, do not view it with eyes of unqualified favour. But here it is duly appreciated. The religious press, generally, has copied it with rapture, and the Rev. Mr. Peabody, from the Pisgah of King's Chapel pulpit, sees in him the leader raised up to conduct this

ehalf of the Abolitionists, lest these good people should in some minds be identified with them; and that is, that Abolitionists generally are so thoroughly imbued with the ultra peace principles conveyed in one portion of the Resolutions, that they would utterly repudiate the "pocket-pistol" doctrine conveyed in another. We observe that this doctrine is advanced with a qualification, but it strikes us that if it was necessary at all to mention the pistols, it is more necessary to set forth with much more distinctness than an 'if' admits of that the real friend of the slave does not advocate a resort to violence, for the purpose of securing his personal freedom. We do not doubt the sincerity and earnestness of the men who are actors in this movement, but the same incongruity which is apparent on this point, seems to characterize their ideas generally. They would put new wine into old bottles—sew old garments with new cloth,—engraft a dead trunk with living germs. With every disposition to look at their movement candidly and justly, we can see in it nothing but absurdity. They give us the strongest negative argument in favour of the peculiar doctrine of the Am. A. S. Society.

1st. *Resolved*, That we recognize the broadest principles of democracy, and the right, irrespective of sex, or colour, or character, to participate in the selection of civil rulers.

Passed unanimously.

2d. *Resolved*, That when we admit, that our hope of the establishment of righteous civil governments on the earth, is in the prevalence of Christianity, we, of course, do not mean that spurious, or that mistaken Christianity, which upholds unrighteous civil governments, and which votes civil officers into the hands of anti-abolitionists, and land-monopolists, and other enemies of human rights.

Passed unanimously.

3d. *Resolved*, That by our love of righteous civil government, of God and of man, we are bound to frown upon the Public Missionary Associations of the world!—nearly all their politically voting members voting on the side of the diabolical conspiracies, which have, in all nations, usurped the place and name of civil government—and such conspiracies being the pre-eminent hindrance to the establishment of righteous civil government, and to the spread of human salvation and blessedness.

Passed with but one dissenting voice.

4th. *Resolved*, That the government which will not, or cannot, protect the lives and property of its subjects from the traffic in intoxicating drinks, is utterly unworthy of the name of civil government

Passed unanimously.

5th *Resolved*, That it may be better to resort to revolution, than to submit to a government, which compels its subjects to pay the debts of their ancestors.

Passed unanimously.

6th. *Resolved*, That whilst we allow government to draw on posterity, for the expense of wars, it is idle to hope that there will not be wars.

Passed unanimously.

7th. *Resolved*, That no just nation need lay its account with being ever involved in war; and hence, that no just nation can have any excuse or plea, whatever, for wasting the earnings of its subjects upon fortifications and standing armies and navies.

Passed unanimously.

8th. *Resolved*, That the Federal Constitution clearly requires the abolition of every part of American Slavery; and that the Phillipses, and Quinceys and Garrisons, and Douglasses, who throw away his staff of Anti Slavery accomplishment, and chime in with the popular cry, that the constitution is pro-slavery, do, thereby, notwithstanding their Anti-Slavery hearts, make themselves practically and effectively pro-slavery.

Passed unanimously.

9th. *Resolved*, That Law is for the *protection*, not for the *destruction* of rights; and that Slavery, therefore, inasmuch as it is the pre-eminent destroyer of right, is (constitutions, statutes, and judicial decisions to the contrary notwithstanding) utterly incapable of legalization.

10th. *Resolved*, That whether men cry "no political union with slaveholders," or "no political union with gamblers," or "no political union with drunkards," they do, in each case, proceed upon the absurd supposition, that, instead of being necessarily identified with the whole body politic, in which their lot is cast, they are at liberty to choose their partners in it, and to dissolve their National or State tie with this slaveholder in Massachusetts, or that gambler in Pennsylvania, or that drunkard in Virginia.

Passed unanimously.

11th. *Resolved*, That Land-monopoly is to barree w against, not only because it is the most wide spread of ofp oppressions, but because it is pre-eminently fruitful all other forms of oppression.

Passed unanimously.

12th. *Resolved*, That the Governments, which deny to their subjects the liberty to buy and sell freely in all the markets of the world, are guilty of invading a natural and a precious right.

Passed unanimously.

13th. *Resolved*, That Government will never be administered honestly and economically, until its expenses are defrayed by direct taxes; and that said taxes, to be justly assessed, must be assessed according to the ability of the payers, rather than according to their property.

Passed unanimously.

14th. *Resolved*, That not only is it true, that the member of a pro-slavery church is untrusty on the subject of Slavery, but that, (considering how, with rare exceptions, sectarians yield to their strong temptations to sacrifice truth and humanity on the altar of sect) it is also true, that the member of a sectarian church is not to be fully relied on for unswerving fidelity to the cause of righteousness.

Passed unanimously.

15. *Resolved*, That the genius both of Republicanism and Christianity forbids concealment, and that Secret Societies, therefore, do not only not promote either, but do hinder and endanger both.

Passed unanimously.

16th. *Resolved*, That our only hope of the Whig and Democratic parties—parties so long wedded to Slavery and other stupendous wrongs—is in their breaking up and ruin.

Passed unanimously.

17th. *Resolved*, That, whilst we rejoice in the faithful testimonies and efficient labours of the Free Soil Party, against the extension of Slavery, it must, nevertheless, be a poor, unnatural, absurd, inhuman, anti-republican, unchristian Party, until it array itself against the *existence* as well as against the *extension* of slavery.

Passed unanimously.

18th. *Resolved*, That the Liberty Party, though reduced in numbers, is not reduced in principles or usefulness—nor in the confidence, that its honest and earnest endeavours for a righteous civil government, will yet be crowned with triumph.

Passed unanimously.

19th *Resolved*, That whilst we respect the motives of those who propose to supply the slaves with the Bible, we, nevertheless, can have no sympathy with an undertaking, which, inasmuch as it implies the pernicious falsehood, that the slave enjoys the right of property and the right to read, goes to relieve Slavery, in the public mind, of more than half its horrors and more than half its odium.

Passed, but not unanimously.

20. *Resolved*, That instead of sending Bibles among the slaves, we had infinitely better adopt the suggestion in the memorable Liberty Party Address to the Slaves, and supply them with pocket compasses, and, moreover, if individual or private self-defence be ever justifiable, and on their part ever expedient, with pocket pistols also—to the end, that, by such helps, they may reach a land, where they can both own the Bible and learn to read it.

Passed, but not unanimously.

21st. *Resolved*, That we welcome the appearance of the Book, entitled, "The Democracy of Christianity;" and that we should rejoice to see every member of the Liberty Party supplying himself with a copy of it.

Whereas, Lysander Spooner, of Massachusetts, that man of honest heart and acute and profound intellect, has published a perfectly conclusive legal argument against the constitutionality of Slavery:

22d. *Resolved*, therefore, that we warmly recommend to the friends of freedom, in this and other States, to supply, within the coming six months, each lawyer in their respective counties, with a copy of said argument.

Passed unanimously.

23d. *Resolved*, That we recommend that a National Liberty Party Convention be held in the city of Syracuse, on the 3d and 4th days of July, 1850, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President, and of adopting other measures in behalf of the cause of righteous civil government.

Passed unanimously.

24th. *Resolved*, That a State Liberty Party Convention be held in the village of Cortland, on the first Wednesday of next September, for nominating State officers, and for other business.

Passed unanimously.

25th. *Resolved*, That, not only with our Irish brother and our Italian brother, under their heavy and galling loads of civil and ecclesiastical despotism, do we sympathize, but, also, with our fellow men everywhere—for everywhere, in our priest and demagogue, and despot-ridden world, are our fellow men suffering under civil or ecclesiastical despotism, or both; and nowhere in it is enjoyed the priceless and two fold blessing of Christian Democracy in the State, and Democratic Christianity in the Church.

Passed unanimously.

26. *Resolved*, That unwillingness to use the products of slave labour, is a beautiful and effective testimony against Slavery.

Passed unanimously.

Whereas, we rejoice to see the first number of the "Liberty Party Paper"—a paper which, we doubt not, will faithfully represent, and ably inculcate the principles of the Liberty Party:

27th. *Resolved*, therefore, that we call on all the members of the Liberty Party to regard it, as their first duty to that party, to subscribe for, and endeavour to induce others to subscribe for, this paper.

Passed unanimously.

28th. *Resolved*, That we hear with profound sorrow, of the very severe, if not indeed entirely hopeless, sickness of our honoured and beloved James G. Birney—a man, who, for his wisdom, integrity, high and heroic bearing, deserves a distinguished place in the regards of his fellowmen.

Passed by a unanimous standing vote.

29th. *Resolved*, That we honour the memory of Alvan Stewart, who for so many years, employed his remarkably original and vigorous powers in promoting the cause of Liberty and the cause of Temperance.

The Meeting in Milton!

As we did not receive notice of the proposed meeting at Milton, till our paper was nearly ready for press, we have room for only a word in regard to it, but that word though a short one, we would put in the most imperative and emphatic tense of the verb to Go! Go—everybody who pretends, though only once a year, to the name of Abolitionist, and go all who are so week-days and Sundays the year through. Go from Albany and Troy, from Poughkeepsie and Hudson, from New York and Brooklyn, from all Long Island and Westchester county, from everywhere in Eastern New York, where man, woman, or child can be found whose pulse has ever throbed a beat the faster at the thought of the happy blacks—no longer slaves—of the British West Indies, or whose blood has tingled with shame and indignation that, with such an example before them, the American people can still continue the holders of chattel slaves.

Milton is about half way between New York and Albany, and boats touch there twice a day from either place. The fair is trifling—50 cts we believe by the night line, and a dollar by the day. Everybody that has got, or can earn two dollars between now and the 1st, ought to go. The Milton friends, we understand, will be in waiting with carriages on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning to receive all comers.

We sincerely hope that this first public meeting of this character, held in Eastern New York for many years may be the successful commencement of a cordial understanding among the friends throughout this whole region of country, which may wipe out the reproach that now rests upon it of being the darkest pro-Slavery region of the whole State. If we have not a good meeting at Milton, Eastern New York deserves to be given over to the enemy.

S. S. AND A. K. FOSTER commence a series of meetings this week at Poughkeepsie, and those persons in Dutchess County who wish lectures in their respective neighbourhoods, will please address them at that place.

The Concord, (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* contains the following Report which has passed the N. H. Legislature. An attempt to defeat the Resolution on the Abolition of Slavery in the District was made by the Old Hunkers, but was defeated by the young Democrats:

Report of the Select Committee.

On certain Resolutions of the States of Virginia and Missouri relating to fugitive slaves.

The Select Committee, to whom were referred the report and resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia, and also certain resolutions of the Legislature of Missouri, upon the subject of fugitive slaves, and other matters pertaining to the institution of slavery, respectfully

REPORT:

That without entering into any general examination of the reasoning of the report in question, your committee are of opinion that many of the topics therein discussed, are such as to require no action on the part of New Hampshire. This State has "commenced" no "war of legislation against the owners of fugitive slaves." It has assumed no position upon which it may not rightfully stand, without violation of the principles either of justice, humanity or the constitution. It has been actuated by no "feigned philanthropy;" neither "irresponsible mobs composed of fanatics, ruffians and fugitive slaves," nor mobs in any other way constituted, have had any recent existence here. That "irregular outbreaks of brutal violence and ferocity have happened in the free States," that "insane fanatics and brutal ruffians," have in these scenes been continually violating the rights of those who own slaves, is asserted in the report under consideratihn, in language far too broad for truth, and far too angry for that courtesy which ought to be observed in the intercourse between sovereign States. That these pictures are drawn with more feeling than fidelity, and are the result of a distempered fancy rather than an impartial observation of facts, our knowledge of the orderly and law observing character of non-slave-holding communities, compels us to believe.

We trust that the report in question, does a similar injustice to the slaveholding communities for which it speaks, when it intimates, that if the laws are not modified and executed to their satisfaction, they will invade the territory of the free States, and re-act upon their southern frontiers, forays which occurred upon the borders of Scotland, in a semi-barbarous age.

We should regret the occurrence of such scenes. We should regret the attempt, threatened in various alternatives and in various parts of the report in question, to divide this Union, or excite an armed resistance to its laws. But yet we most confidently believe, that our institutions are inherent with power sufficient for their own protection and that of every portion of the American people.

The new legal remedy, asked for by the report under consideration, is indeed remarkable. That every postmaster and collector in the free States, shall be clothed with the same judicial power, over the rights and liberty of persons claimed as slaves, as courts of the United States may now exercise—that every member of this newly constituted host of magistrates, may surround himself with marshals, possessing every summary process—that all improper acts, occurring whenever and wherever, in presence of any considerable number of persons, an alleged fugitive slave is demanded, or held in custody, shall be removed from the jurisdiction of the State courts, to the courts of the United States—are claims so extraordinary, so insulting to the free States, that they cannot have been advvanced with any expectation of their meeting with the sanction of any State where a regard to the interests of Slavery has not become paramount to every proper appreciation of State rights, and of the rights and security of free men.

The report of the Virginia Legislature complains that the New England States, with a sterile soil and ungenial climate, have become in proportion to their population the most wealthy communities in the world, while comparative poverty has fallen upon the South, and its commerce and navigation have been transferred from its own harbours to those of the North. It might have drawn a like comparison between Ohio and Kentucky, between free territory and slave territory at every point where they come in contact. Is it strange that the free States, with these facts every where spread out before them, should be unwilling to see Slavery extended, with its blighting influences, over territories now free?

The committee conclude this report by recommending the adoption of the following resolutions:—

1. *Resolved*, That opposed to every form of oppression, the people of New Hampshire have ever viewed with deep regret the existence of Slavery in this Union: that while they have steadfastly supported all sections in their constitutional rights, they have not only lamented its existence as a great social evil, but regarded it as fraught with danger to the peace and welfare of the nation.

2. *Resolved*, That while in periods of excitement, the opponents of Slavery have resorted to measures which we have thought it our duty to oppose and censure, on the other hand slaveholding communities in many portions of this confederacy, have engaged in excitements, and resorted to measures equally deserving of the severest condemnation.

3. *Resolved*, That we stand pledged by our course from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the present time, to respect all the rights which that instrument guarantees to the Slave States

4. *Resolved*, That while we respect the rights of the slaveholding, as well as the free portion of this Union—while we will not willingly consent that wrong be done to any member of the glorious Confederacy to which we belong, we are firmly and unalterably opposed to the extension of Slavery over any portion of American soil now free.

5. *Resolved*, That the American Union is strongly based upon the affections of an overwhelming majority of the American people—that we trust that it will outlive fer ages the threats with which fanaticism assails it—that in its hour of peril, stout hearts and strong arms will be ready in every corner of our land to defend it—and that it will long continue here a proud ark of freedom, firm and enduring, the time tried model after which shall be fashioned those free institutions which are hereafter to bestow, their incalculable blessings upon the whole world.

6. *Resolved*, That, in our opinion, Congress has the constitutional power to abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, and that our senators be instructed and our representatives requested to take all constitutionul measures to accomplish that object.

INFORMATION WANTED.—We copied a week or two ago a passage from a letter of Col. Webb, in which that gentleman gave the readers of the *Courier & Enquirer* a notion of what he conceived to be an honest man by assuring them how much he respected General Cass who did not pretend, he was happy to say, to be governed, as a politician, by his principles as a man. The Democratic organ at Washington, the *Union*, asks for further information, on this interesting point of political ethics. Alluding to a caustic article which appeared in the *Evening Post* in relation to it, the *Union* says:

The statement of Col. Webb represents Gen. Cass as privately believing in one set of political principles, while he publicly, and as a 'party man,' professes another. We regard this statement of Col. Webb as incredible, and believe he has wholly misunderstood, and therefore misrepresented, the views of Gen. Cass. We cannot therefore entertain a doubt, that he has done gross injustice to Gen. Cass, and that no such political principles were ever 'privately *revealed*' to Col. Webb. Indeed, it is but a poor return for the hospitality he has enjoyed, to give circulation to such random assertions. In advance of any authority from Gen. Cass, we do not hesitate to contradict a statement which, if true, will result in so much injury to his reputation and standing with American people. But, as Gen. Cass cannot, in justice to himself or his friends, remain silent under such an imputation, we wait for his answer; and if it shall confirm the statement of Col. Webb, we will do both parties justice by giving it a place in our columns."

We hope no 'noise and confusion' will prevent a reply.

To Correspondents,

J. C. B. Lumberton, O. The letter has not reached us.

E. G. Package at 21.

THOMAS EARLE, of Philadelphia, died on Saturday last, at Willow Grove, a Water Cure Establishment on the Schuylkill river. Mr. Earle has long been in a wretched state of health, and for several months has failed rapidly. He was taken quite recently to the establishment where he died, not, we presume, with any hope of permanent benefit, but rather of temporary relief, and this, it is satisfactory to know, was gained for him.

Such a man as Thomas Earle cannot go from the busy world in which he himself was so active without the event causing something more than the sensation which is felt at the death of ordinary men. His will not only grieve the many friends who were sincerely attached to him, but will be felt by a much larger circle who admired his talents, and respected the honour and integrity of his character. We have been far from agreeing with Mr. Earle, of late years, on some points which both considered of vital importance, but this has never prevented us from feeling a personal esteem for the man, from believing him to be singularly honest and upright in his opinions, nor from respecting heartily the warmth and boldness with which he defended them. He has never been long of any party, but all, we think, will unite in a feeling of sorrow at parting finally with one who, though sometimes friend, and sometimes foe, never forfeited, either with associate or opponent, the regard which is always rendered to a man of stirling honesty and great ability.

Domestic Correspondence.

For the A. S. Standard:

VERONA, July 4, 1849.

DEAR EDITOR—The day of blarney about this freest, most Christian and republican nation has come and well nigh gone. I will not bore you or the readers of the *Standard*, by any description of the froth which effervesced from the open mouths of patriots—doomed eternally to remain in embyro. But "thinking as how" I would edify you a little with some words about things in Central New-York, I took up my steel pen.

You are aware that your respected contemporary, the Model Worker, has departed this life. It did not die of the Cholera, as the Free Soil party threatens to, but literally starved to death. It was the opinion of that crabbed old conservative, the public, that wicked rulers made better practical demonstrations of wit and power than a "righteous civil government" possibly could; and that there was no time to be disposed to chimeras. What new form will be taken by the Liberty Party redivivus remains to be seen.

You know about our Free Soil folks up here. Well, we had one of the most beautiful things of the kind you ever heard of: sent two members to the Assembly and almost another. We were all full of fire and small beer patriotism; resolved to stand till the last for "Free Soil and free men, free lips, and a free world." What enormous masses of foam were discharged. A few Whigs came into our measures, but most of them preferred to stay in their old rotten hulk and hurrah for Zack to new adventuring. They were for Free Soil as much as any body; and proved it by electing to Congress O. B. Matteson, a hero of the Utica mob of 1835.

And the Liberty Party too, was far more zealous to join the Free Soilers, than the latter were to receive them. They hurried up upon the platform of Buffalo, forgetting to bring any principles along except the seven. John Randolph spoke of (five loaves and two fishes) and were *toted* on by Harry Stanton, drest out like an ambassador from Gibeon of old—with clouted shoes, old hat, and bread all mouldy, and so unfit for eating, that the hungry souls besought the pious B. F. Butler to divide his last crust with them. One worthy Presbyterian brother, who is a Colonizationist by the way, asked, "why they did not eat their own bread as heretofore." And they replied, We are your servants; therefore now make a league with us." Their bread had got old by long keeping, when the Liberty Party was the only Free Soil faction. So they were permitted to come into the ranks and share communion with men who had been noted only for their pro slavery behaviour for many years.

A new phase has come upon the moon. The wise men of Hunkerdom have taken counsel, and sent to the elders and chief priests of the Free Soilers to come up together and make a covenant—that there might be no more strife. "Are we not of the same stock? Have we not one common appetite for political emoluments? Let us therefore go up together."

It yet remains to be seen how this alliance will prosper. If Hunkerdom be the man of the house, our Liberty Party will be in a sad dilemma. Not only will they be transferred over to Dickinson, Croswell & Co., but will possibly be introduced to John C. Calhoun, and the whole Democratic host of Southerners, as their natural allies. What an idea—to have the Tappans *tete a tete* with the Nullifiers expatiating on National policy. Would not H. B. Stanton be a good stump orator for Georgia?

But I will not reckon too much till after the wedding. In these days of change and disguise it will be well to see which is husband and which the wife; and what pin-money is settled upon the latter. When all preliminaries are fairly negotiated I will whisper the secret to you. So wait awhile very patiently

Religion is almost an obsolete idea; it is of no use to speak of something which is little attended to. Sermons are plenty as ever; the gallows has advocates who speak very boldly for legal murdering—while they stand behind the pulpit-desk—but who are whist as a church mouse when they get down among the congregation. But the most devotedness is exhibited when the National administration makes a new appointment, or a letter arrives from California

Our proposed discussion upon capital punishment after being arraigned failed. The Methodist clergyman (Mr. Brown) who had provoked a challenge by vehement defence of the gallows in his pulpit, backed off the area. 'I have got about ready to join with those astute Yankees who petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature to appoint to the office of Hangman all those clergymen who advocated the barbarous custom. If the gibbet is ordained by God certainly his ministers should officiate at the rope. Would it not be a good idea to have the Military chaplains do all the executions imposed by court martials?

The glorious Fourth has now closed. Wonder if the three millions do not feel to sing "Hail Columbia Happy Land!" as the slave whip buries itself in their lacerated flesh. Does the great American heart remember those in bonds as though bound with them? No! Give money to missionaries—pay priests—enslave your soul to creeds; it is all sufficient. On the side of the oppressor there is power: the slave has no helper.

But can you, do you really think that this Union ever will be dissolved? Is there much prospect of a speedy extinction of Slavery—by that or any other means? I know that Henry Clay and T. H. Benton, two of your weathercocks, are out for Free Soil and the gradual emancipation of the slaves—but how are the masses? Yet let us hope for the best. Meanwhile God speed every fugitive who is disposed to pay for himself in runaway bills to a happy home in Queen Victoria's land of liberty.

It has been *all sufficient* hot up here. We sweltered and roasted and prayed till heaven in mercy moderated the heat. The atmosphere at blood heat was enough to warm one up in holy zeal for a better time coming: D. Y. says no one at Boston minded the death of Polk the weather was so hot. We would not have known it here—if the Secretary of war had not ordered the soldiery to shoot cannon all day at Rome Arsenal, to show us that they mourned over the demise of that ex-functionary. He is fairly gone; but the slaveites have a few more of the same sort left. Peace to his ashes—drenched by the sweat and tears of his slaves—for Polk was a man-thief. They say he set up family prayer at the White House which in many people's consciences is as good as a black coat, or cloak of charity to cover the multitude of sins. Piety does go a great ways with some people. Why is it that a sheep-stealer should not be allowed a home in heaven if he is gifted in prayer—and pocket service? I suppose that I am so blind that I cannot see through the dark millstone: and so must groan in the Egyptian obscurity till some bright day come to my relief. Will you pray for some spark of light to come here for my special benefit? So will you oblige your most obedient. PHI.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The "Slanderer of Mr. Clay" to the Slanderer of the Abolitionists.

DUBLIN, 28th of June, 1849.

MY DEAR GAY:—In a late number of the New York *Tribune*, for which I have to thank you, I find myself pilloried as the slanderer of Mr. Clay On opening the paper, the first caption that attracted my attention was this, "Mr. Clay belied in Europe." Looking a little farther, I found that I was "the man," and that Mr. Greeley was my Nathan. He says I have undervalued the importance of his great man's great Anti-Slavery letter; and, from his own knowledge of Anti-Slavery opinions in the Slave States, he is satisfied this letter is looked on as a step in the right direction, and the only fault found with it is that it is rather startling—somewhat ultra—in short, too bold an innovation upon "the peculiar institution."

Now if Mr. Greeley be correct—and I do not dispute his honesty or veracity—I can only say that he gives a deplorable picture of the prospects of the Anti-Slavery cause at the South. I had given the Southrons credit for more Anti-Slavery life than exists among them. If Henry Clay be esteemed a too sanguine reformer, if his project be too extravagant for even those who abhor Slavery in the South, what hope is there for your country? Judging his letter on its own merits, irrespective of the state of opinion in the Slave States, I cannot retract a syllable that I have said about it. That any proposal, however modified, for the abolition of Slavery, should "flutter" the slaveholders, need surprise nobody. No marvel *they* should be nervous, inhabiting a temple of liberty whose chief corner stone is three millions of live slaves (with a good many Madison Washingtons, Frederick Douglases and Henry Box Browns among them). But that Henry Clay's proposition should thus startle anybody who really desires the overthrow of Slavery, is past my comprehension. It is a most melancholy indication of the strong grasp which the system has taken upon the institutions, habits, feelings, and affections of the Southern Americans. Looking upon Slavery as a sin which should be immediately abandoned, which ought not to be tolerated one hour, I think Mr Clay's letter a cold-blooded production. He expresses no sense of the injustice, the cruelty, the wickedness of the system—no feeling for the slave. He would abolish it for the sake of the oppressor, not of the slave. He defers the remedy for a whole generation; and provides that it shall not only be accompanied by the greatest possible amount of hope deferred, but shall be as inoperative as possible. He would liberate the slave when his best years are spent, and then compel him to purchase the means of his own expatriation. No humane, generous, highminded, just man could have devised such a scheme. It may be true that those who cling fanatically to Slavery are angry with Mr. Clay's letter, and that some of the Anti-Slavery Southerners think it goes too far; but what does this prove? It only proves how closely the poisoned shirt clings to the American Hercules, and how terrible must be the remedy that can enable him to strip it off.

Mr. Clay's letter is consistent; it is just such a one as we might expect from him who exults in the possession of "50 fat and sleek slaves;" from the author of the Missouri Compromise, the patron and president of the American Colonization Society. That Henry Clay is eminent as an orator and Statesman I dont deny; but, with my "European" prejudices, I cannot understand how a man who has done so much to sustain the slave system can be so idolized by a large portion of your most respectable citizens. This combination of the Statesman, the patriot, the christian, the republican, and the staunch upholder of Slavery, in the same person, is truly a mystery to plain people like myself—puzzling as the discovery of a genuine specimen of a centaur or a griffin would prove to a Cuvier. But it is so common an occurrence in the United States that we find few Americans who are puzzled by it, and those few are looked on as wild and stupid fanatics.

Mr. Greeley ends by a fling at the Abolitionists. He says they make a trade of Anti-Slavery, that their vocatiou can thrive only by calumny, and that their thrift depends on the success with which they convince their supporters that they alone are sincerely opposed to the existence of your country's greatest curse. If they did indeed select Abolitionism as a means of making dollars and cents, I fancy they have long since discovered their mistake, and are by this time fully aware of having made a most untradesmanlike choice. With half their ability, industry, and force of character, they might have "done a much better business" in some other line—as divines, as legislators, as shoemakers. If Wright, Pillsbury, and May, had stuck to their pulpits—Burleigh to his plough, Lowell to his lyre, Garrison to his types, Quincy and Phillips to the bar, there is no saying how many hundred thousand dollars they might have heaped together, or how "very respectable" they might have become. Truly they have miserably failed in the pecuniary part of their speculation, and have got nothing at all instead—except such trifles as the testimony of a good conscience, enlargement of mind, clearness of spiritual sight, the conviction that they have deserved well of their country, and a reputation which will yet outweigh that of the time-serving statesmen and ruthless warriors who now engross so large a share of popular gratitude and admiration in the United States.

I was not before aware that Abolitionists believe themselves alone to be sincerely opposed to Slavery; but I did know that they think none but themselves have gone the right way about opposing it; and, with my present light, I am entirely of the same opinion. If their vocation can thrive only by calumny, they surely cannot give it up too soon. But if on the other hand, as I believe, this vocation thrives by speaking the truth, by aiding the oppressed, by shaming the oppressor, by proclaiming the demands of justice and christianity,—let them go on by all meaus, and God speed them.

I have always heard a high character of Mr Greeley. I have always heard that he was as good a man as his devotion to politics would allow him to be. Not being a native, I can't understand what there is in American politics to give them a higher claim upon such a man as he is, than the claims of the Anti-Slavery cause. The din of vulgar popularity, and the sordid rewards of office, must be unimportant to one who fears that the Abolitionists are too much devoted to the things of time and sense. If the existence of Slavery be, as Mr. Greely admits, the greatest curse of your country, why does he not expose its wickedness, its ruinous impolicy, its utter incompatibility with all the high professions and all the best interests of your great country? How could he be more worthily employed for time and for eternity? Would he, in his cool moments, and apart from all present considerations of dollars and cents, prefer to go down to posterity as the friend of the illustrious Boston printer, or of the bloodstained hero of Buena Vista? I cannot see how any honest man should hesitate in so plain a matter.

Mr. Greeley says that I have spoken in terms full of dulcet encomium of the beneficence and mercy of British rule in Ireland, and of rejoicing at the failure of the revolutionary movement of the Young Ireland party last last year. Now I fear that this is said more to conciliate the prejudices of his readers, and from a little bit of spiteful feeling towards the "slanderer of Mr. Clay," than from a love of truth. Let those who have read my letters in the *Standard*, say whether I am the partizan of any government or party in Ireland. I am connected with none of the many parties into which this unfortunate island is divided; I am as independent of them all as any man can be. My object has only been to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. That the present government evinced great humanity and liberality in their endeavours to assuage the famine of 1847, is a simple fact which everybody must admit. That they were singularly lenient in their treatment of those who were implicated in the recent abortive outbreak, none even of those people themselves will deny. Not one was executed. Not one was imprisoned under circumstances of harshness or cruelty—not more than half a dozen were sentenced to transportation. John Mitchell, by far the most formidable enemy, was treated with a consideration and forbearance altogether new in the treatment of political offenders. No one convicted of promoting the escape of a fugitive slave in any part of the Slave States, would have got off half so easily as did those men who conspired to upset the government and to deliver us up to all the horrors of rebellion. I am glad that the Young Irelanders did not succeed—because I think that if all the government forces had left our shores without firing a shot, and these enthusiasts had assumed the reins of government unmolested, they would have managed things no better than heretofore, and would have been supplanted by the people's real leaders—the priests—who have never governed any country well, and in Ireland at least are as full of the spirit of Saint Dominic as are any of their fraternity in any part of Europe. If Mr. Greeley were to spend a month in Ireland, and keep his ears and his eyes open, I believe he would come over to my opinion on these points.

I have often impeached the judgment of the leaders of the Young Ireland party. They proclaimed their plans and boasted of their intentions, in the teeth of the most compact and most powerful government in existence. They acted like madmen. If they had the slightest chance of success in any contingency, they invited defeat by their vain glorious imprudence. They made it impossible they could succeed. On the other hand I have always done justice to their intentions. They sacrificed themselves for a people who could not appreciate their virtues, and would never have been contented to live under their leadership. I do not believe that more high-minded, honest, and independent men can be found than Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Duffy, Dillon and Martin. I esteem them far more highly than I do many whom the American people and the English government are now crowning with honours and rewards, for their atrocious successes against the lives and properties of defenceless nations.

I have no love for the costly idolatry of English royalty, nor for the grasping selfishness of English aristocracy. I agree with every American that Republicanism is in the abstract the most just form of government—but it should be practically as well as theoretically republican. I cannot respect a Republic, whose statesmen, with the consent of the majority of the people, do more to strengthen Slavery than to promote liberty.

I have never concealed my sense of the past misgovernment of Ireland. Much remains to be done before England can compensate us for her tyranny and cruelty in former times. But so violent is the spirit of party in this country that I do not believe the materials of profitable self-government exist amongst us. Whatever be the benefits of independent nationality, they would assuredly be dearly bought if under our present circumstances we were to take them in exchange for our present government, which I believe to be the best Ireland has ever yet enjoyed. It would be easy for me to fill my letters with claptrap and flummery. I prefer to speak the truth.

Nor do I think that the information I have given about Ireland should be without its value to every truely patriotic American. Ireland is a woful instance of the misery that may be brought upon a nation by a long course of injustice and oppression. Ireland is England's great difficulty—the millstone round her neck. If England is now suffering so bitterly in purse, reputation, and prosperity, for the misdeeds of former generations, what may be the probable doom of the slaveholders in the United States, and their guilty defenders and abettors, who sin against so much light?

I have recently remarked in F. Douglass's speeches repeated complaints of the insolence of Irish emigrants to the coloured people. He has been in Ireland. He knows how ignorant are the great mass of the people—how little they have been accustomed to think for themselves—how low their social condition; and he must also be philosopher enough to know that under these circumstances he could not hope to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Our people are only what their political oppressors and their blind guides have made them. In the whole course of the young Ireland struggle, the ablest men of the party—Davis, Duffy, and others—had no sympathy for the Abolitionists, and looked for efficient support to the staunchest maintainers of Slavery in the world. How could I have confidence in them? How could I anticipate success for their endeavours?

All Europe is amazed at the infamy of the siege of Rome by the French. Napoleon never did anything so atrocious. The page of history contains no account of a more infamous invasion. If I were a Frenchman, I would be ashamed to show my face among honest men.

In reference to our departed friend John Murray, I observed two misprints in the *Standard*. In my letter mentioning his decease, it is said that he died "*painfully*" instead of "*peacefully*, in the midst of his family." And in the report of the recent meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Garrison is made to call him his "*coloured*" instead of his "*beloved* friend, John Murray." John Murray was the staunch friend of the coloured race, but was himself no more coloured than you or I. This mistake is of little consequence except that it is incorrect; but the first not only makes a disagreeable impression but is contrary to the fact.

Yours truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

Married.

On the 3d instant, at Woodland, near Pendleton, S. C. by Rev. A. H. Cornish, Dr. JOHN C. CALHOUN Jr. son of Hon John C. Calhoun, to Miss ANNZIS R. eldest daughter of the late Rev. Jasper Adams, all of Pickens District, S. C.

On Saturday evening, 14th inst. at Grace Church, by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, ELIZABETH NEVILLE, daughter of the late Henry Brevoort, Esq. of this city, to FREDERICK W COOLIDGE, of Boston.

At Albany, 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. S. N. Campbell, WILLIAM BARNES, Esq., to EMILY P., youngest daughter of Thurlow Weed.

In Jamaica, L. I. on the 28th ult by John S. Snedeker, Justice of the Peace, Mr. Almera W. Allaben to Miss Abigail Grey both of New York City.

Died.

At Washington, D. C. on the 12th inst. Mrs. P. D. MADISON, widow of the late President, James Madison.

In this city, at 5 o'clock, P. M. yesterday 12th, of the prevailing epidemic, ARTHUR YOUNG GREELEY, son of Horace and Mary Y. C. Greeley, aged 5 years, 3 months and 20 days.

Of the prevailing epidemic, ELSEY ELLSWORTH, (widow of the late Oliver Ellsworth), aged 44 years.

At St. Louis, Mo. on the 2d instant, PIERRE CHOUTEAU, Esq., one of the founders of the city in the ninety-first year of his age.

At St. Louis, BENJAMIN CLAPP, formerly of New York, at the age of 59. He went out to the Northwest Coast with the late Wilson P. Hunt, in the employ of John Jacob Astor, in 1811, and aided in founding Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river.

At his summer residence on Staten Island, on Monday morning last, of Cholera, DAVID B. OGDEN, of this city.

On Sunday, 15th inst. of cholera, in the 53d year of his age, JAMES REYBURN, of this city, and for many years President of St. Patrick's Society.

On Saturday 14, of cholera, ALEXANDER ROBERTSON WYCKOFF, in the 48th year of his age.

At Cincinnati, of Cholera, on the 4th inst., CHARLES INMAN, formerly of New York, youngest brother of the late Henry Inman.

At Channahoe, Illinois, 22d June, of apoplexy, Hon. WILLIAM BUCK, in the 71st year of his age. John Peck was one of the first settlers in that section of the country.—He was formerly a resident of Columbia co., N. Y.

SIXTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Committee of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, deeply feeling their responsibility to the holy cause of Freedom and Humanity with which they are identified, have resolved anew to make their exertions for its promotion correspond with the greatness of its demands and the rapidity o its progress.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter upon any formal exposition of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the support of which the funds resulting from this effort are devoted. The language of our last year s Call will express better than any other our present convictions of its necessity and value. "Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and speaking as it does from a heigh above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. ....It has no local attachments, no sectarian or partisan partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose." With this Society, in a word, rests the hope of the American Slave. Its continuance and increased success, the number of its agents and the circulation of its periodicals depend greatly on the amount of funds which we through this yearly effort are enabled to place at is disposal.

We regard the importance of the American Anti-Slavery Society as paramount to that of any other Anti-Slavery organization, and of course its claims for help and sympathy paramount to those of any other. Boston and its environs indeed supply us with a market, but with a trifling exception barely sufficient to remunerate the expense of Anti-Slavery advertisements, not a cent of our receipts are expended in Massachusetts. In sustaining the Cause in her own borders, she asks no aid from beyond them, but relies entirely on her own efforts.

These being our circumstances, we appeal to Abolitionists EVERYWHERE, earnestly invoking of each aid and assistance proportionate alike to the dignity and necessity of the work we have undertaken. We are labouring for the establishment of those foundation principles on which the rights of all men must of necessity rest. Therefore to *All* we appeal in confident reliance on that common human heart whose unsophisticated instincts furnish our best hope of success.

The Sixteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held n Boston during Christmas week, and all desiring to cooperate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

Anne Warren Weston,	*Louisa Loring,*
M. W. Chapman,	*Mary May,*
Eliza L. Follen,	*Sarah

Poetry.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Skaters.

We six had skated all the afternoon
Upon the mill-pond, it was Christmas day
And all the work was stopt. The great mill wheel
Stood ice-bound, and the frozen water-fall
Caught the red sun-set on its splintered front.
We had a merry time; one whisked and whirled
And challenged all the rest to catch him. I
With many a twist and turn cut up the ice;
Here a spread eagle waved his shapeless wings,
Here lay a lover's knot, and there the pond
Lay scrawled with figures like a school-boys's slate.
But last of all we carved our names at length
With flourishes, each striving to outdo
His fellow, but they gave the palm to mine;
The three great C's stared out in leanest curves
And mocked the rest.
When this was done, the horn
Called us to supper, and the broad red moon
Rose slowly up behind the sighing pines.

* * * * *

That evening when the fire blazed and roared
Up the wide chimney, and the sap began
To sing old songs of Summer in the logs,
I called to Charles and said "Wake up and tell
The tale you told a night or two ago
To me, while we were dragging up the hills
The sled in which we coasted the girls down."
"What night?" he asked, half waked; "the night" I said
"When, your foot slipping, they were tumbled out
And lay with smothered laughter in the snow!"
He laughed, and pinched Rebecca, and pulled out
A sprig of holly from her hair, whose leaves
He picked off in the pauses of his tale,
And then, premising that the verse was rude,
Written at school, some years before, began:

The yellow moon riseth up over the seas,
She tips with her splendour the bare stunted trees
Whose last leaves the wild wind when he bloweth that way
Plucketh off and in scorn whirleth over the bay.

The boys are all skating, they care not for me;
If I skate up the river what harm will they see?
I will go to the forest where, rapid and deep,
This black river rolls over dear Lucy's sleep.

I have been there at night—oh, the trees looked like ghosts,
With their long waving arms crowding round me in hosts,
And I saw through the shadows that darkened around,
Her form flitting mist-like rise up from the ground.

I sat by the river and thought of the time
When both of us sat there—she just in her prime,
With the soft curls that shaded her innocent face,
And her body that swayed like a lily in grace.

I will seek her, she waits in the forest for me;
She sits as of old by the gnarl'd oak-tree—
Where all that long Summer such moonlights as these,
We met by the light that rained down thro' the trees.

That day when she crossed to the opposite side,
Where the black damned river runs sluggish and wide,
On the old mossy trunk which for many a day
She and I had crossed over together in play—

They say her foot slipped—she was light as a bird,
If she screamed, can it be that her scream was not heard?
They were laughing and talking—one saw thro' the trees
As she left them, her dress flutter light on the breeze.

I do not dare think of her lying there dead,
With the black waters flowing so still o'er her head,
And the pale water-lilies that tremble and stir
When they wake from their slumbers and think upon her.

I am glad I have reached it, how weary I am
The cold moon still looketh down proudly and calm;
Not a change on her face though she seeth my tears,
Not a change if she saw them rain down so for years.

All around is so quiet—oh, could Lucy know
How I long to rest by her in silence below,
With these murmuring pines and sweet stars overhead
Dropping dews on the waves that are kissing the dead.

* * * * *

The woodman next morning, who sang as he walked
Or with his young daughter who went with him talked,
Started back in the path as he saw how he lay
With his young eyes forevermore robbed of the day.

He ended blushing, and the crickets sang
Upon the hearth whose fading embers died,
And all the room was hushed in tender gloom.
But suddenly the miller burst the door
With cries of "Come," and all of us sprang up
To see the show, and there within was set
A table piled with heaps of generous cheer,
Apples and nuts, with mountainets of cake
Whose icy tops brought winter within doors.
And after this we had a score of games,
Whose stolen kisses sweetened sleep with dreams.

CLARENCE C. COOK.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. July 1849.

Miscellany.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

DEAR SIR,—Will you accept the enclosed translation of a little French pamphlet, the leading idea of which is illustrated by a reference to Lycanthropy—the old national superstition of the Loup-Garou, or man compelled by the powers of evil to wander over the earth, in the shape of a wolf.

Yours ever for the cause.—M. W. C.

The Were-Wolf.

Scene—a peasant's cottage, where his family and neighbours are assembled on the occasion of the chestnut-harvest.

ENTER JACQUES.—Good evening to you, Father Leonard, and to your family, and all the company!

FATHER LEONARD.—Ah! Welcome my boy! You have come to the chestnut-feast? That's well. You have not forgotten, in the army, our village customs. But how pale you are! You look like a sheep that has been bleating a whole Winter's night at the door of the fold. Let me embrace you, and at the same time give you permission to bestow the same mark of friendship upon our daughters. Do you recollect them? They have grown up, since you left the country seven years ago. More than one of them has been waiting for you who is very happy to-night. Is it not true, girls? How red you are on a sudden! Toinon, Marie, what are you chattering about to yourselves? There! There! softly, Fanchon; if you sigh so, your heart will go off like a roasted chestnut! and you two Mariettes! come out of the chimney-corner, and show yourselves. Would not you declare they were the two red-cheeked apples that I keep over the mantle-piece? They are the last of the season. The one that tells the best story, this evening, shall have them. Jane, will you be the winner? You do not even hear me. Why do you fix your jaded eyes upon Jacques, as if you would look him through? Do you see him for the first time?

JEANNE.—For the last!

AN OLD WOMAN.—Take care, Jane, that is an unlucky word, really a bad sign.

FATHER LEONARD.—It is nothing at all,—only one of her ways. Since her betrothed was taken by the conscription, the poor thing has lost her senses.

JACQUES.—Well, Father Leonard, you will begin the story-telling, will you not, as in old times?

THE GIRLS.—Yes, oh, yes, Father Leonard; a story! a story of the Were-Wolf.

FATHER LEONARD.—I am ready. But it is not a *story*. It is a *history*.

THE DAUGHTERS.—A true story? Have you seen the Were-Wolf?

FATHER LEONARD.—No, not I, but my grandfather, who told it to my father.

JACQUES.—Bring the basket of chestnuts, and we will peel them while we listen.

FATHER LEONARD.—It was an Autumn night, just like this. My grandfather, a high spirited man, I warrant you, who was not then thirty years old, was returning home, just such an evening as to-night, from the first gathering of the chestnut-season. He was quite alone, for the farm-servant who went with him as far as the door, left him suddenly there, and was out of sight in a moment, as if the devil had carried him off.

He came back, then, all alone. The wind was chilly, and the moon was as pale,—she had just the look of our poor Jane. All that was melancholy enough.

My grandfather did more than his utmost to think of something else. He brought to mind his wife and his little ones. He counted his harvest upon his fingers. But there was as it were a charm in the darkness which always brought him back, and set him to looking fearfully before him towards the end of the road, for the apparitions and stories of the other world which he had just been hearing told, round the fire at the village gathering. Soon a little sound of dry leaves which seemed to follow him on the right, made his hair stand on end. He stopped—the noise stopped. He went on—the noise did the same. His blood ran cold, when something ran out of the shadow of the chestnut trees. It was a dog. What a stupid dog am I myself, said my grandfather, to have been frightened by a dog in the leaves.

The creature was black, and seemed tired. My grandfather whistled to it. It sat up upon its hind quarters and made no reply. My grandfather, drawing near, thought he recognized a great dog that he had not seen since his new domestic had been with him. He tried to catch it, but the animal rose. He followed calling to it; but it limped on before him as if it was deaf, leaving only the length of its shadow between itself and my grandfather.

So they went on, step after step, step after step, so long, that at last my grandfather became alarmed and wanted to stop; but he was like one bewitched behind the black dog: he did not wish to follow it, and yet he followed on.

When they reached the Paradise road, you know where it is; just at that deep hollow where the rock and the bushes make it seem night in open day; my grandfather, who was all in a cold sweat, suddenly became aware that there was nothing to be seen. He came to a stand, and wiped his forehead.

The evil thing is gone, thought he; and hearing no farther sound, he put his hands upon his knees and bent his ear to hear the better.

When he tried to rise it was in vain. He was obliged to rest upon his wrists. A heavy load weighed him down. He struggled against it, but the more efforts he made to free himself, the heavier became the load, till at last he felt as if he had three sacks of wheat upon his shoulders.

—It is Satan, said he. If I resist, he will kill me. So he never stirred.

What he carried was warm and rough. Feeling a hot breath in his hair, two hairy paws round his neck, and two others, hanging down behind gently kicking him, as if to say, up and be moving, my grandfather straightened himself carefully up, and began to walk. But as they came out of the hollow way, a barking was heard before them. What he carried sighed heavily, and slid down upon the ground. My grandfather saw nothing, but he heard dogs fighting and shrieking as if they were devouring one another. Then all was still, and the thing that got itself carried mounted again upon his back.

When they reached an opening, my grandfather ventured to look on one side, and saw over his shoulder the head of a great black dog which was shedding tears like a man, as it gnawed between its white teeth a bone from which hung a morsel of bloody flesh. Wild with affright, my grandfather began to run like a madman, with this dreadful thing upon his shoulders.

He reaches his house, he knocks at the door, his dog yelps in the court. Then what he carried sighed deeply a second time and slid down upon the ground. The poor dog within howled its death-cry. The house-door opened; my grandfather rushed in—fastened it behind him, and fell stiff upon the kitchen floor.

When he came to himself, he opened the window softly, and saw by the moonlight, his servant going out of the stable where he slept, near the oxen. The fellow was pale as death. He looked anxiously round him, began scratching in the dunghill, and carefully hid something under the straw. Then he went back again into the stable.

What was it he hid, and why had he anything to hide?

My grandfather went out, and looked under the dunghill. He found a skin—the skin of a black dog. All sorts of thoughts came into his head at the sight of it, so that finally, he took it up on the end of a pitchfork, carried it into the kitchen, lighted a great fire, and threw it in. When it was burnt to ashes, he lighted his lantern and went back to the stable. The servant was in bed. He passed the light close to his face. The fellow was asleep all bathed with sweat, as men are who have been running a race. Strange enough, his breath smelt like a dog, and his lips and teeth were bloody.

My grandfather was struck with a sudden thought.

Jean, said he, with the tone of a chief magistrate; Jean, what have you been doing to night?

The fellow sprang on end, half awake. Jean, why did you hide the skin of the black dog? Why is your mouth all bloody, Jean?

Jean, as if thunderstruck by these words, leaped out of bed, and sunk down at his master's feet.

For God's sake, pity me, cried he, weeping bitterly. For seven years has my soul been in bonds. Yes—I am a Were-Wolf: and three nights in every week I am condemned to chase over seven parishes before sunrise, and to devour all the dogs I meet. Poor things! It seemsto me as if I were eating my fellow Christians. I am in despair, and weep, as you saw me, when worn out with running, I made you carry me. I weep in despair, but it is stronger than I: I must do it. I would fain spare them, and yet I drag them down! My heart is breaking, and yet my unfeeling claws and fangs sieze their poor throats! I drink their warm blood! I would rather die. I loathe myself, but it is my fate.

But this one night more, and to-morrow all will be finished. The seven years are accomplished to-night. At midnight I will bring back my skin to the appointed spot—

—No, you will not, interrupted my grandfather. I have burnt it.

—Burnt it! oh! my God! If I do not bring back that skin this night, I must begin my time anew, fulfil again the seven years; continue still to devour those poor dogs my brethren, whose cries pierce my heart! and you have burnt it! Oh, my God! My God!

THE DAUGHTERS.—What next, Father Leonard!

FATHER LEONARD.—Why, that is all. My father told me no more.

DAUGHTERS.—There are such creatures as Were-Wolves then?

FATHER LEONARD.—I do not say that there are any now, in our days. I only tell you what my father told me of the times of my grandfather.

JACQUES.—I do not know whether there were Were-Wolves in old times or no; God forbid there should be in times to come. But what would you say my friends, if I should tell you that I believe I have been one, and am not sure but that I am one still?

ALL THE COMPANY.—Oh Lord!

FATHER LEONARD.—Are you laughing at us, or have you left your wits yonder with the regiment?

JACQUES.—No, no! listen to me. It all runs in my head like a terrible dream.

FATHER LEONARD.—Your looks frightened me. What spell has come over you?

JACQUES.—I have suffered too much. I must free my mind of it all.

You remember, my good friends, when the conscript's lot fell upon me seven years ago. I felt soul and body bound for seven years. By whom? for what? I never knew; nor do I know yet. One thing only was certain—*it was so*. My weeping friends and relatives told me so; and that I could only escape from my fate by some infirmity or lameness, or by having wherewith to buy the soul and body of some other man, whom misery might tempt to pledge himself to fulfil the seven years in my stead.

As I was too poor to buy a man, I never could see my comrade Raymond halt by, or my neighbour who had the epilepsy fall into convulsions and foam at the mouth, without envying their misfortune, as if it were a saviour. I cursed my good constitution and those that gave it to me. I tried to lose my good health. I exercised violently by day, and then, bathed in sweat, stretched myself out in the cold dew all night: but I only awoke the stronger for it in the morning. The day came. They stripped me naked.—They felt of me; they examined me like a young calf in the market. I was sound. They brought me to the city. They conducted me with many others to the largest house, where there were so many corridors, so many chambers, and so many courts, that one could not move about there without losing one's self. As soon as I was there, they took me by the head and sheared me like a sheep for the slaughter. Then they took away my country clothes, and gave to me in their place, to me too, a skin; a sort of skin of red and blue; and strange enough, it seemed to me that I began to be less a man in it, than in my old clothes.

Then a terrible voice read us a litany of which I understood nothing:—only one word, death! death! death! which ended off each phrase like an Amen.

We wept in silence.

You hear, peasants, brute beasts! cried the voice to us. You are no longer your own You have no longer any will but that of your leaders, who themselves have none but that of their commanding officer. Obey the word with hand and eye, and all that you do will be well done. Otherwise, (as you have just heard, and as you will hear it repeated to you every day, that you may not forget it for a single moment,) death! death! death!

I wept without a word—I felt that I was possessed.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded and the voice bade us fall into line.

Again a trumpet sounded; the voice made us march, run, turn heads to the right, heads to the left, a hundred times; stab at the air, fire at the clouds.

A trumpet sounded—the voice made us eat together like pigs out of the same dish.

A trumpet sounded; the voice ordered us to the sea-shore into great boats as big as barns, and landed us upon an unknown country. Then it marched us day and night over a burning soil that the sun had turned into sand, where we found neither houses nor inhabitants. At length, one evening, we reached a village where the houses were of canvass. The mothers seated on the ground before their doors, peacably suckled their little children.

Others prepared the supper. An old man told a story to a circle who were seated on their heels while the rest were gathering together their flocks.

A trumpet sounded: the voice made us surround the village and load our muskets.

Fire! it said.

Then my companions discharged their pieces at the mothers who were suckling their little ones, upon the old man who was telling the story, and upon the others who were folding their flocks. I could not make up my mind to do it.

Fire, coward! cried the voice.

But what have they done to us, said I, trembling.

They are Arabs. I see, moreover, that you undertake to *reason*. Fire or be shot!

I fired with my eyes shut; in vain were they Arabs: They bled and shrieked and suffered like us. And then—and then year after year. for seven years, things went on in the same way. To give you the history of them is impossible. They were too distressing. I was possessed. Common Were-Wolves become men during the day; but I was so only at night when I had quitted that accursed skin. Then only could I think of you all and of my native land, and I wept as I sank to sleep.

At length four months ago, my time was out. They put us again on board the great boats which bore us back over the sea to the shore from which they first took us, and then they marched us to a great city, the largest and most beautiful that was ever seen. This city was gorged with the abundance of its good things for eating and wearing; yet the inhabitants of its suburbs, men, women, and children, were all in rags, thin and sad, that was sorrowful to see. They looked at us as we passed with a gloomy eye! *That* was fearful!

They shook great poles before us from which floated black tatters bearing these words: LIVE WORKING, OR DIE FIGHTING. And they said to us in the very tone of voice that we spoke in, during those years of hail storms, when we had not our fill of bread:—"We are brothers. Cain killed his brother. You have not come to kill us, have you?"

They must have been our brothers, for their words brought tears into our eyes. We were going to reply, when the voice ordered the trumpet to sound. The copper drowned our words, and we could not make ourselves heard, so that, they thought we wished them harm.

On the morrow, at break of day, we were made to march through a street where the pavement had been torn up and piled across one end of it. Over this heap of paving stones floated black flags, with the words we had seen the night before. Behind it were the men, women and children who had called us brothers. The voice drew us up before them in battle array.—Make ready!—it said.—But they are brothers, cried I. They told us so.

They are insurgents, cried the voice, in a terrible tone. No arguments! fire!

I know only too well that I was possessed. I levelled my musket in spite of myself. A cloud passed before my eyes. We fired. But they had been fighting all night, and had no powder to return our fire. They threw down their useless arms, mounted upon the piled-up pavement, and after embracing their wives and children, they placed them by their sides that they might all die together.

Death makes free! said they. Since we are denied bread, brothers, send us your bullets! and they bared their wasted bosoms. Tears filled our eyes.

God d—n you! howled the voice; will you finish with these brigands; yes, or no?

My poor startled companions fired. I was like one distracted, and shouted wildly—too bad! too bad! No! no! better shoot myself! *better die!*

Those who did not fall by the discharge let themselves be taken prisoners without resistance and even without attempting to escape.

Shoot them! Said the voice; and turning to me it added, dare to neglect your duty, and—

Grief and indignation broke something in my head and breast; and I cried out, yon can kill me, but I feel that I am my own master once more; it is no longer a miserable were-wolf that you will kill, but a man.

Shoot this madman with the rest, said the voice in a rage.

At these words I threw down my musket, and rushed over the heap of pavement. I fell down upon the dead and dying; I was all splashed with their blood. I rose up, horror-struck at what I had been forced to do, and ran without stopping like one distracted, for seven days and seven nights, till I saw this morning the steeple of our church.

JEANNIE.—Hark! Hark! what noise is that without?

THE GIRLS.—Who can be coming at this time of night?

FATHER LEONARD.—It is the sound of horses feet.

JEANNIE.—Hear the sabres clash! These are the soldiers who carried off my betrothed.

JACQUES.—They come to carry off me. I have lost my Were-Wolf's skin; I am to begin my time over again; to follow the chase another seven years, still to go on killing poor creatures, my brethren, whose cries make my heart bleed.

Adieu, my dear friends, adieu forever—for nobody shall again be master of my body and soul. "*Death* delivers!" as those poor brothers said whom they made me kill.

FINIS.

The *Living Age* copies this charming glimpse of Old English Life and Letters from Sharpe's (London) Magazine

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, AFTERWARDS MISTRESS [JOHN] MILTON.

JOURNAL.]

FORREST HILL, (Oxon,) May 1, 1643.

* * * Seventeenth birth daye. A gypsie woman at ye gate would faine have told me my fortune. but mother chased her away, saying she had doubtless harboured in some of ye low houses in Oxford, and might bring us ye plague. Coulde have cried for vexation. She had promised to tell me ye colour of my husband's eyes; but mother says she believes I shall never have one. I am soe sillie. Father gave me a gold piece. Dear mother is chafed, methinks, touching this debt of five hundred pounds, which father says he knows not how to pay. Indeed, he sayd, overnighte, his whole personal estate amounts to but five hundred pounds, his timber and wood to four hundred more, or thereabouts, and the tithes and messuages of Whateley are no great matter, being mortgaged for about as much more, and he hath lent sights of money to them that won't pay, so 'tis hard to be thus prest. Poor father! 'twas good of him to give me this gold piece.

May 2d.—Cousin Rose married to Master Roger Agnew. Present, father, mother, and brother of Rose. Father, mother, Dick, Bob, Harry, and I; Squire Paice and his daughter Audrey; an olde aunt of Master Roger's and one of his cousins, a stiffe-backed man, with large eares and such a long nose! Cousin Rose looked bewtifulle; pitie so faire a girl should marry so olde a man; tis thoughte he wants not manie years of fifty.

7th.—New misfortunes in ye poultrie yarde. Poor mother's loyalty cannot stand ye demands for her best chickens, ducklings, &c., for ye use of his My's officers since the king hath beene in Oxford. She accuseth my father of having beene woune over by a few faire speeches to be more of a royalist than his natural temper inclineth him to; which, of course, he will not admit.

8th.—Whole day taken up on a visit to Rose, now a week married, and growne quite matronlie already We reached Sheepscote about an hour before noone A long, broade, strait walke of greene turf, planted with hollyoaks, sunflowers, etc., and some earlier flowers alreadie in bloom, led up to ye rusticall porch of a truly farm-like house, with low gable roofs, a long lattice window on either side ye door, and three casements above. Such, and no more, is Rose's house. But she is happy, for she came running forthe soe soone as she hearde Clover's feet, and helped me from my saddle all smiling, tho' she had not expected to see us. We had curds and creame, and she wished it were the time of strawberries, for she sayd they had large beds; and then my father and ye boys went forth to looke for Master Agnew. Then Rose took me up to her chamber, singing as she went, and ye long low room was sweet with flowers. Sayd I, "Rose, to be mistress of this pretty cottage, 'twere hardlie amiss to marry a man as olde as Master Roger." "Olde!" quoth she, "deare Moll, you must not deeme him olde; why, he is but forty-two, and am not I twenty-three?" She look't soe earneste and hurte that I coulde not but falle a laughing.

9th.—Mother gone to Sandford. She hopes to get Uncle John to lend father this money. Father says she may *try*. 'Tis harde to discourage her with an ironicalle smile, when she is doing alle she can, and more than manie women would to help father in his difficultie; but suche, she sayth somewhat bitterlie, is the lot of our sex. She bade father mind that she had brought him three thousand pounds, and askt what had come of them? Answered, helped to fille ye mouths of nine healthy children, and stop ye mouth of an easie husband; so, with a kiss, made it up. I have ye keys, and am left mistress of all, to my great contentment; but ye children clamcur for sweetmeats, and father sayth, "remember Moll, discretion is ye better part of valour."

After mother had left, went into ye paddock, to feed ye colts with bread; and while they were putting their noses into Robin's pocket, Dick brought out ye two ponies, and set me on one of them, and we had a mad scamper through ye meadows and down ye lanes—I leading. Just at the turne of Holford's close, came shorte upon a gentleman walking under ye hedge, clad in a sober, genteel suit, and of most beautifulle countenance, with hair like a woman's, of a lovely pale brown, long and silky, falling over his shoulders. I nearlie went over him, for Clover's hard forehead knocked againyst his chest; but he stoode like a rock; and lookinge firste at me and then at Dick, he smiled and spoke to my brother, who seemed to know him, and turned about and walked by us, sometimes stroaking Clover's shaggy mane. I felte a little ashamed; for Dick had sett me on ye pony just as I was, my gown somewhat too shorte for riding; however, I drew up my feet and let Clover nibble a little grasse. and then got rounde to ye neare side, our new companion stille between us. He offered me some wild flowers, and askt me their names; and when I tolde them, he sayd I knew more than he did, though he accounted himselfe a prettie fayre botaniste; and we went on thus, talking of ye herbs and ye simples in ye hedges; and I sayd how prettie some of theire names were, and that methought, though Adam had named alle ye animals in Paradise, perhaps Eve had named alle ye flowers. He lookt earnestlie at me, on this, and muttered "prettie," Then Dick askt of him news from London, and he spoke, methought, reservedlie; ever and anon turning his bright, thoughtful eyes on me. At length, we parted at ye turn of ye lane.

I askt Dick who he was, and he told me he was one Mr. John Milton, ye party to whom father owed five hundred pounds. He was ye sonne of a Buckinghamshire gentleman, he added, well connected, and very scholarlike, but affected towards the Parliament. His grandshire, a zealous papiste, formerly lived in Oxon, and disinherited the father of this gentleman for abjuring ye Romish faith.

When I found how faire a gentleman was father's creditor, I become ye more interested in deare mother's successe.

May 13th.—Dick began to harpe on another ride to Sheepscote this morning, and persuaded father to let him have ye bay mare. soe he and I started at about ten o' the clock. Arrived at Master Agnew's doore, found it open, no one in parlour or study; soe Dick tooke ye horses rounde, and then he went straite thro' ye house, into ye garden behind, which is on a rising ground, with pleached alleys and turfen walks, and a peep of ye church through ye trees. A lad tolde us that his mistress was with the bees; soe we walked towards ye hives; and, from an arbour hard by, hearde a murmur, though not of bees, issuing. In this rusticall bowre, found Roger Agnew reading to Rose and to Mr. Milton. Thereupon ensued manie cheertulle salutations, and Rose proposed returning to ye house, but Master Agnew sayd it was pleasanter in the bowre, where was room for alle; soe then Rose offered to take me to her chamber to lay aside my hoode, and promised to send a junkett into ye arbour; whereupon Mr. Agnew smiled at Mr. Milton, and sayd somewhat of "neat-handed Phillis."

As he went alonge, I tolde Rose I had seene her guest once before, and thought him a comely pleasant gentleman. She laught, and sayd, "Pleasant? why, he is one of ye greatest scholars of our time, and knows more languages than you or I ever hearde of." I made answer, "That may be, and yet might not ensure his being pleasant, but rather ye contrary, for I cannot reade Greeke and Latin, Rose, like you." Quoth Rose, "but you can reade English, and he hath writ some of ye loveliest English verses you ever hearde, and hath brought us a new composure this morning, which Roger, being his olde college friend, was discussing with him, to my great pleasure, when you came. After we have eaten ye junkett, he shall beginne it again." "By no means," said I; "for I love talking more than reading." However it was not so to be, for Rose would not be foyled; and as it would not have been good manners to decline ye hearinge in presence of ye poet, I was constrained to suppresse a secret yawne and feign attention, though, truth to say, it soone wandered; and, during ye last halfe hour, I sat in a compleat dreame, tho' not unpleasant one. Roger having made an end, 'twas diverting to heare him commending ye piece unto ye author, who as gravely accepted it; yet, with nothing fullesome about the one, or misproud about ye other. Indeed there was a sedate sweetness in ye poet's wordes as well as lookes; and shortlie, waiving ye discussion of his owne composures, he beganne to talke of those of other men, as Shakspeare, Spenser, Cowley, Ben Johnson, and of Tasso, and Tasso's friend the Marquis of Villa, whome, it appeared, Mr. Milton had knowledge of in Italy. Then he askt me, wouldе I not willingly have seene ye country of Romeo and Juliet, and prest to know whether I loved poetry; but finding me loath to tell, sayd he doubted not I preferred romances, and that he had read manie, and loved them dearly too. I sayd, I loved Shakspeare's plays better than Sidney's Arcadia; on which he cried "righte," and drew nearer to me, and would have talked at greater length; but, knowing from Rose how learned he was, I feared to show him I was a sillie foole; soe, like a sillie foole, held my tongue.

Dinner; eggs, bacon, roast ribs of lamb, spinach, potatoes, savory pie, a Brentford pudding and cheese cakes. What a pretty housewife Rose is! Roger's plain hospitalitie and scholarlic discourse appeared to much advantage. He askt of news from Paris; and Mr. Milton spoke much of ye Swedish ambassadour. Dutch by birth; a man renowned for his learning, magnanimity and misfortunes, of whome he had seene much. He told Rose and me how this Mr. Van der Greote had been unjustlie caste into prison by his countrymen; and how his good wife had shared his captivitie and had tried to get his sentence reversed; failing which, she contrived his escape in a big chest, which she pretended to be full of heavie old bookes. Mr. Milton concluded with the exclamation, "Indeed, there never was such a woman;" on which deare Roger, whome I beginne to love, quoth, "Oh yes, there are manie such—we have two at table now." Whereat Mr. Milton smiled.

At leave-taking pressed Mr. Agnew and Rose to come and see us soone; and Dick askt Mr. Milton to see ye bowling greene.

Ride home, delightfulle.

14th.—Thought, when I woke this morning, I had been dreaminge of St. Paul let down ye wall in a basket; but founde, on more closely examining the matter, 'twas Grotious carried down ye ladder in a chest; and methought I was his wife, leaninge from ye window above, and crying to ye soldiers, "Have a care, have a care!" 'Tis certayn I shoulde have betraied him by an over-anxietie.

Resolved to give father a Sheepscote dinner, but Margery affirmed ye haunch woulde no longer keepe, so was forced to have it dressed, though meaning to have kept it for companie. Little Kate, who had been out alle ye morning, came in with her lap full of butter-buns, the which I was glad to see, as mother esteems them a sovereign remedie 'gainst ye plague, which is like to be rife in Oxford this summer, the citie being so overcrowded on account of his My.—While laying them out on ye stille-room floor, in bursts Robin to say Mr. Agnew and Mr. Milton were with father at ye bowling greene, and woulde dine here. Soe was glad Margery had put down ye haunch. 'Twas past one o' the clock, however, before it coulde be sett on table; and I had just run up to pin on my carnation knots, when I hearde them alle come in discoursing merrilie.

At dinner Mr. Milton askt Robin of his studies; and I was in payne for ye deare boy, knowing him to be better affected to his out-doore recreation than to his books; but he answered boldlie he was in Ovid, and I lookt in Mr. Milton's face to guesse was that goode scholarship or no; but he turned it towards my father, and sayd he was trying an experiment on two nephews of his owne, whether ye reading those authors that treate of physical subjects might not advantage them more than ye poets; whereat my father jested with him, he being himselfe one of the fraternitie he seemed to despise. But he upheld his arguments so bravelie that father listened in earnest silence. Meantime, the cloth being drawne, and I in feare of remaining over long, was advised to withdrawe myselfe earlie, Robin following, and begging me to goe downe to ye fish-ponds. Afterwards alle ye others joyned us, and we sate on ye steps till the sun went down, when, the horses beinge broughte round, our guests took leave without returning to ye house. Father walked thoughtfullie home with me, leaning on my shoulder, and spake little.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Cambridge Chronicle.

THE TWO HETERODOX CATECHISMS.—THE MARTYR JOHN BIDDLE.

The Antiquary has lying before him, while writing this communication, two *heretical catechisms*, which were published in England during the session of the same Parliament which called into existence the "Westminster Assembly of Divines," and which authorized and enforced its decrees. The first is called, "The Racovian Catechism." It was originally published in Poland, and was, in 1852, translated and published in the English language. It contained among other doctrines which were deemed heretical, the following, relating to baptism: "*There is no command for, nor example of, infant baptism in the Scriptures. Nor is sprinkling, since this cannot be without the immersion and ablution of the whole body in water.*'

The Parliament resolved, April 2d, 1652, "That this book doth contain matters that are blasphemous, erroneous and scandalous.

"*Resolved*, That the Sheriff of London and Middlesex be authorized and required to seize all the printed copies of the book called the Racovian Catechism, wherever they shall be found, and cause the same to be *burnt* at the old Exchange, London, or in the new palace at Westminster on Tuesday and Thursday next."*

The other work—being one of the few copies which were saved from the flames—is entitled:

"A two-fold Catechism; the one simply called a Scripture Catechism, the other a brief Scripture Catechism for Children. * * * By John Biddle, Master of Arts of the University of Oxford; London, 1654."

The answers to all the questions were given in the precise language of the Bible. Yet the learned divines and members of Parliament feared that the little book might teach the Unitarian heresy. They ordered that it be *burnt by the common hangman*, and the author be *imprisoned*.

When Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, Biddle was set at liberty. But he could not be made to conceal the truth which he held to be di-

*Rees' Historical Introduction to the Racovian Catechism. London, 1818. Page 80. As this book contained other heretical doctrines, it is not known that the one selected above was the most objectionable; but it is known that this doctrine alone would have caused the imprisonment of the author, and the burning of the book.

vine, and he was again thrown into prison. There is no portion of the Protector's history which leaves on my mind so unfavourable an impression of his character, as his conduct when first requested to liberate Biddle. "Would you have me *displease the people* for such a lousy, silly fellow? There let him lie;" was his answer to Thomas Firman, when he applied for the release of his friend.*

This was said by Cromwell, of a man eminent for his piety and learning; one whose respect for, and knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, was so great that he comitted to memory nearly the whole of the New Testament, in Greek, as well as in his vernacular tongue. He died a martyr to the truth; his death having been hastened by the suffering of his imprisonment.

Had Biddle lived a century earlier, his body would undoubtedly have shared the fate of his book. Surely, then, *some* advance had been made in the principles of toleration.

But this same Parliament, at the very time when they were deliberating upon the catechism, and only a few weeks before they finally ordered it to be generally used passed a law against heretics, of which Neal, the Orthodox historian of the Puritans, says: "This was one of the most shocking laws I have met with in the religious liberty, and shows that the governing Presbyterians would have made a terrible use of their power, had they been supported by the sword of the civil magistrate.' The following account may be found in Neal's History of the Puritans, 8vo London edition, 1837; p 509:

"The ordinance is dated May 2, 1648, and ordains 'That all persons who shall willingly maintain, publish or defend, by preaching or writing, the following heresies with obstinacy, shall upon complaint, and proof, by the oaths of two witnesses before two justices of the peace, or confession of the party, be committed to prison, without bail or mainprize till the next gaol delivery; and in case the indictment shall then be found, and the party upon his trial shall not abjure his said error, and his defence and maintenance of the same, he shall suffer the pains of daath, as in the case of felony, without benefit of clergy; and if he recant or abjure, he shall remain in prison till he find sureties that he will not maintain the same heresies or errors any more; but if he relapse, and is convicted a second time, he shall suffer death as before.'"

One of the heresies named in the ordinance above, was:—

"That the Father is not God. that the Son is not God, that the Holy Ghost is God; or that these three are not one eternal God; or that Christ is not God equal with the Father."

"The ordinance proceeds to specify some other errors of less demerit, and says, 'that whosoever shall maintain and defend them shall, upon conviction by the oaths of two witnesses or by his own confession before two justices of the peace, be ordered to renounce the said errors, in the public congregation of the parish from whence the complaint comes, or where the offence was committed; and in case of refusal, he shall be committed to prison till he find sureties that he shall not publish or maintain the said error or errors any more.'" Among these errors are the following:—

"I. That all men shall be saved.

"II. That the baptism of infants is unlawful or void.

"III. That all use of arms, though for the public defence, (and be the cause never so just) is unlawful."

There were sixteen errors named: but enough have been given to show that the Baptists, Universalists and Quakers, were threatened with imprisonment, and the Unitarians with death.

I can never open a Primer and look upon the picture and the account of the death of John Rogers, and then turn to the Assembly's catechism, without feeling that our children are cheated out of a part of the truth respecting persecutions for conscience's sake, whilst nothing is said about the suffering of the holy men who were persecuted by the Presbyterians, a hundred years after the death of Rogers, at the same time and by the same men who prepared the catechism. There should be a picture of a prison, with John Biddle, the Unitarian, looking through the iron gratings, as well of John Rogers, the Trinitarian, at the stake. Let us have *both or neither*. If children are taught to hate popery because papists burnt Rogers, should they not also know the truth concerning the Presbyterian authors of the Assembly's Catechism.

THE ANTIQUARY.

Cambridge, May 2, 1749.

ANNEDA.—LEARNING THE CATECHISM IN OLDEN TIME A PENANCE. An anecdote was given in one of the articles on the New England Primer, showing that the catechism was sometimes inflicted as a penance by the early Puritans. In that case the boy had his choice of the catechism or the prison; and the second did not show which of the two he chose.

"A sketch of the history of Newbury, Newburyport, and West Newbury, from 1635 to 1835, by Joshua Coffin, contains on page 52, the following account, which confirms my previous impression concerning the use which was sometimes made of these little manuals."

"Thomas Scott upon his presentment is fyned ten shillings unless he learn M. Norton's chatachise by next court."

The records of the court do not state the nature of the offence which induced the court to inflict the "*chatachise*" on the offending brother, or its value in money. It appears, however, that he chose rather to lose the money than to take the 'chatachise," as the records of the "next court" inform us that "Thomas Scott not appearing to make known that he had learned Mr. Norton's chatachise, his fyne is to be taken."

Another anecdote from the same work, page 265, will show in what light Sunday schools were regarded by the pious people of Newburyport, on their first establishment in this country, fifty years ago:

"In the Newburyport *Herald* of January 12th, of this year. (1791) I find an account of the establishment of Sunday schools in Philadelphia, by some benevolent persons in the city, with this comment: 'Pity their benevolence did not extend so far as to afford them tuition on days when it is lawful for us to follow such pursuits, and not thereby lay a foundation for the profanation of the Sabbath."

Truly, times and opinions change, but truth, never. Now, the parents who keep their children away from the Sunday school, are the ones who are supposed to "profane" the Sabbath.

Everything is now done to render the study of the catechism as pleasant and attractive as possible. The Massachusetts Sabbath School Society have prepared a large and elegant diploma, or certificate, to be signed in due form by the ministers superintendent and teacher, and presented to each child who commits to memory the Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

The diploma, it is supposed, will be of immense value, to the boys particularly, in securing good situations with pious employers. There are *some persons* who would require no better evidence that a child had been trained up in the way he should go, than a certificate of the fact that he had committed to memory this catechism.

THE ANTIQUARY.

Cambridge, June 9, 1849.

*Kennett's History of England, Vol. III, page 196.

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